AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
JUN 19 1985

New Statesman
7 June 1985 80p IR£1.20 US$1.50 By Air

BRITS GO TO WAR

THE TRIUMPH OF SOCCER VIOLENCE

PLUS: Anarchists at Stonehenge • Duncan Campbell: Chile & the 'mole' • The case of Dr Savage • Books

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Cover drawing: Rex Features

Brits go to war
Edward Vulliamy attacks the brutal chauvinism which killed innocents in the Brussels football stadium 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: pensions rip-off 7
Duncan Campbell: Geoffrey Howe caught between Chile's human rights clampdown and Falklands favours 10
Ian Williams: Militant blunders on in Liverpool 12
Keith Forrester and Jonathan Winterton: against a passengerless transport policy 12
Jane Leighton: the men behind the Wendy Savage affair 14
Veronica Groocock: Is there life after the miners' strike? 14
Polly Woolley: Stonehenge and anarchist politics 16
Amrit Wilson: the Home Office and Tamil refugees 17

FOREIGN

Yiannis Roubatis: surprise big victory for Greek socialists 20
Claudia Wright: the full story of the Hussein talks — with a Soviet twist 21
Gary Mead: move against Poland's intellectuals 22
Tony Catterall: Greens wooed into coalition with SPD 23

WEEKEND

A. Sivanandan, the foremost thinker on black politics, analyses the 'flight of race from class' 26

BOOKS

Steven Rose: Darwin 29
Rupert Christiansen: Byron and homosexuality 30
Ben Okri: Ellen Kuzwayo 31
Clive Davis: Winnie Mandela 32
Geoff Dyer: New fiction 33
Mark Benney: Law 33
John Levett: Poem 34
Maurice Riordan: Poem 34
Shorter reviews 35

ARTS

John Coleman: Films 36
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 37
Andrew Clements: Music 37
Jules Lubbock: Architecture 38

BACKCHAT

Jonathan Falla: Uganda 39
Naseem Khan: Gujarati drama 40
Hugo Williams: Television 40
Salamanca 41
Weekend competition 42

PLUS

This England 18
Mediawatch: Anne Karpf 18
Diary: Islander 19
Roger Woddis 19
Letters 24
Slump 24
Feedback 25

NEXT WEEK

Judy Sadgrove: why women won't quit smoking
John Rentoul: how the rich get richer

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1985 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Deputy Literary Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, Susan Dineley, John Duncan (London); **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2829 7 June 1985

Making peace with social evil

THE REVIEWS which Norman Fowler has finally released from the prolonged churnings of Cabinet and Whitehall are a sorry and uninspiring sight. They have been carefully emptied of any figures, stifling the response of shame or outrage that would follow any vivid picture of the poverty in which millions are condemned to live for the foreseeable future. The government claims this absence is intended to focus discussion on the principles being put forward. Those principles are even more uninspiring.

They are expressed in the hard, narrow words of a Mr Gradgrind, wholly unconcerned with the monotonous, life-crushing reality of long-term poverty. They are the words of a business manager narrowly concerned with smoothing the administration and boosting the profits of the shareholders. They have absolutely no connection, in spirit or intention, with the splendid, if unrealised, idealism of the Beveridge from whom Mr Fowler claims descent:

> We should regard Want, Squalor, Disease and Ignorance as common enemies of all of us — not as enemies with which each individual may seek a separate peace, escaping himself to personal prosperity while leaving his fellows in their clutches. That is the meaning of social conscience — that one should refuse to make a separate peace with social evil.

This government has made its peace with the social evil of mass poverty and despair by its refusal, or its utter incapacity, to imagine what life is like for over eight million people subsisting on poverty wages or supplementary benefits or basic state pensions. Poverty is not just about lacking the freedom to buy a washing machine or a lovely dress if you want one, it is about being denied access to virtually everything which makes life worthwhile; it is about life being reduced to a daily depressing grind of 'getting through', of feeling an outcast in a town of shops where you can afford to buy nothing, a prisoner watching the televised world of an unattainable ease and pleasure, the inescapable knowledge that you simply are not 'someone'.

For the world whose pillars Mr Fowler tried to start building on Monday is going to last long into the future. That is why there has been universal agreement that the 'welfare state' needed to be reformed. It is no longer a question of 'safety nets' for the unfortunate few. We live in a society that has become polarised, beyond the imagination of the post-war Labour government, between those who are 'comfortably off' and those in poverty. It is on this gap, which has increased so hugely under this government, that Mr Fowler hopes to reconstruct the 'relationship of the individual to the State'.

The designers of the post-war world imagined a State to which all would be expected to contribute financially, and from which all but a tiny elite could be expected to benefit in terms of health, educational and welfare services in the course of their life. The growth of widespread unemployment, the persistence of low wages, the spread of life outside the permanent nuclear family, has made the number of dependants on state benefits soar. At the same time, the failure of state services to provide the *quality* of services which people want has caused a growing number of the newly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-off to resent the 'tax burden' of a State which offers them too little.

There is no concealment of the fact that the Fowler reviews — drawn up, significantly, by a wholly unvisionary set of panel members — are an attack on the principles of the welfare state and there can be little doubt that the reviews will make poverty more widespread and intolerable. But the deliberate obfuscations of the reviews make it hard to see clearly who is going to be immediately worse off if the proposals are implemented. The impact of the pension proposals for the recipients, as opposed to those paying out, will not be felt for some years, which is one reason why this constitutes the only sweeping change put forward. Those who will however have their lives immediately changed if the pension scheme goes through are all those with a stake in what will be, as the *Financial Times* pointed out, the 'bonanza for the equity market' as new funds are compulsorily forced into private companies.

Those who would suffer most immediately from the reviews are in fact likely to be young rather than old. A study by the Policy Studies Institute found that claimants with the greatest hardship are those with young children. The feared freeze in child benefit can only make this worse. The change from Family Income Supplement, the benefit for the low paid which is usually claimed by the mother, to a Family Credit Scheme, where the benefit will be paid out in the wage packet, usually the father's, cannot possibly improve the lot of children, and is likely to make it worse.

But the group that is being squeezed most firmly out of the social security system are single people under 25. The proportion of single people of working age (mostly young) who make up the poorest fifth of society has already increased from about 10 per cent to almost 16 per cent in the last fifteen years. The reviews declare, with extraordinary nonchalance, that those under 25 can clearly not be regarded as independent and therefore their benefit should be lower. They are therefore to be infantilised, forced into a dependence on their parents in what can be guaranteed to exacerbate family conflict. People between 16 and 25 who have no jobs will have to choose between mooching around the house of their (resentful and hard pressed) parents, or taking off into the streets where, no longer entitled to lodging allowance, their pitiful benefit will buy them nothing that they want to have or do.

For young women in particular, who will know that the under-25 benefit is higher for those with family responsibilities, the new system seems designed to press them into having children simply as a means of their own economic and social survival.

TO BE CHARITABLE to Mr Fowler, the size of the problem which his reviews are supposed to deal with is such that no reform of the system of social security could solve. But there is plentiful poll evidence that people are prepared to pay higher taxes for public spending they approve of — as on health, education, care of the elderly or disabled.

The unpopular benefits are those paid to the able bodied unemployed. But even here a shift in public opinion could be achieved by a government which stopped suggesting that the calculating scrounger on state handouts was the typical claimant, and publicly promoted the knowledge that the vast majority of claimants would far rather be doing anything than sitting morosely at home waiting for the Giro. A unified system of income provision and maintenance could be instituted by a Labour government through tax and social security reforms alone. It would be more expensive, but it would do far more to solve the problem, which the reviews stress, of an absurdly complex and humiliating system of claiming benefit.

The government's U-turn on its 1980 enforcement of a legal entitlement to extra benefits for special needs, replacing it with discretionary grants and loans, can only leave complexity at the heart of the system. Those who need benefit 'topping up' are far too numerous to be regarded as a handful of special cases. And loans which have to be recovered from the proposed new 'Social Fund' will be a recipe for unprecedented bureaucratic confusion.

There can be few who think a future Labour government should simply revert to the system as before. This is not just because it was too complex and inequitable. It is also because socialist critics have also been questioning the value of, at best, a paternalist State. A strong centralised State is needed to levy and collect taxes to pay for public goods, and a national parliament has to lay down the broad parameters of how those goods should be redistributed. What, however, no central state organisation can do is lay down exactly what goods and services, in what proportions, the poor should receive. To that extent, shifting public spending to cash benefits which people spend as they like is a progressive move — as long as the market forces abetted by the State are brought under control.

But it is not enough, in any redefinition of the 'individual's relationship to the State', to see this merely as the individual's right to shop around. The individual is powerless in relation to, say, the interest rate on mortgages, the fluctuations of private pension prices, the availability of private child care. The person who is to be compulsorily pressed into investing his or her earnings in a private pension scheme should automatically become a shareholder with voting rights in that company. The rights to form co-operatives to build or manage housing should be strengthened and made inalienable. And so on.

Just as social services can not be considered separately from economic questions of tax, economic policy, the housing market, so they cannot be separated from political questions of democracy and the freedom to choose. By resolutely refusing to entertain such issues, Mr Fowler has produced an overtly 'cheap and nasty' method of administering poverty and a covert system of forcing us all to be dependants on a huge, remote network of corporations providing privately for our welfare needs. □

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT

"The place which sets out what the debates on the Left should be concerned with... **Sarah Benton, *New Statesman***

...takes great care to exclude from its ranks any hint of Marxism... **Paul Foot, *Socialist Worker***

One of the most lively journals on the Left... **Robin Cook, *Times***

Would be better renamed *Revisionism Today*... **Rothstein & Page Arnot, *Morning Star***"

■ *You've seen the controversies.*
■ *You've heard the arguments.*
NOW READ THE MAGAZINE... Marxism Today

SUBSCRIBE NOW and receive the next 15 MONTHS' *Marxism Today* for THE PRICE OF 12.

Name_____
Address_____
_____ Postcode_____

Return with payment (UK £9, O/S £16) to: *Marxism Today*, FREEPOST, 16 St John St, London EC1B 1JB (no stamp needed)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONUMENTAL LAWLESSNESS AT THE SOLSTICE, NO DOUBT — BUT WHOSE?

THE LEGALITY of the underlying police strategy at Stonehenge last Saturday (1 June), as well as the tactical behaviour towards those who were heading for the monument despite the High Court ban on a pop festival there, will be fiercely questioned as the arrested go through the courts. TIM MALYON reports

David Rose

The sort of sight that horrified local resident Lord Cardigan

DESPITE comments attributed to the police on Saturday that they wished to take into custody the entire population of the field into which travellers were penned by a police road-block, the gravest charges to date have been one of attempted GBH against police officers by drivers of vehicles after police entered the field. It's reported that firearms, but not rubber bullets, were carried in the police's own vehicles.

The majority of defendants so far released who have come to the attention of lawyers and welfare bodies are alleging they were refused access to a lawyer before their hearing, and denied all basic rights such as pencil and paper or a phone call. The bail condition most commonly imposed of staying 25 miles from Stonehenge is lending the operation an atmosphere similar to the miners' strike.

'I cannot see what legal justification there can have been for the police action, particularly in view of the charges people face', says Jane Goodsir, one of Release's legal advisors. Release and Festival Welfare Services have compiled a depressing dossier of Saturday's events, including police smashing of vehicles which were peoples' homes; and an incident in which a woman and child are alleged to have been dragged through a broken vehicle windscreen. 'Open season on hippies' is Goodsir's impression of the police tactics.

Political protest is growing. Local Labour district councillor Phil Mayhew is 'appalled at the violence that went on. I've protested during a recent council meeting that the policies being pursued would lead to conflict. They did lead to conflict. The National Trust, the county council, English Heritage and police haven't dealt with the situation with any imagination at all. They didn't think through the consequences of their decision to ban this festival.'

Mayhew calls for an end to violence on *both* sides, and provision of an alternative, properly organised site. Wiltshire police committee chair, councillor John Church (Liberal), is concerned both at the violence and at escalating police costs — estimated by him at £1 million to local rate payers.

What the hell next?

After Saturday, the outstanding question is: what next? Festival Welfare Services chair Don Aitken thinks 'What we've seen so far is only preliminary skirmishes. Many more people are now moving in the direction of Stonehenge.'

Festival-goers are of course famously now congregating on a small site in Savernake Forest, two miles south of Malborough. Police have asked Lord Cardigan, who manages the estate for his father, if they may enter the land and clear it — with what possible legal justification it's hard to see. Savernake is some sixteen miles from Stonehenge and covered by no court injunction. So far, Lord Cardigan has resisted police pressure.

Labour home affairs spokesperson Alf Dubs, as already widely quoted, is fiercely critical both of Saturday's operation, on which — especially concerning the firearms — he'll be questioning Leon Brittan, and apprehensive about future police intentions: 'I think just clearing the site on which the owner has given people permission to go will spread the problem over a wider area'. He and Clive Soley MP aim to visit the Stonehenge area as soon as possible.

One possible way out of the impasse was swiftly blocked. Green CND made a detailed proposal to the National Trust, but it was turned down this Tuesday after a whole day's deliberations by the Trust Council, including chair Lord Gibson.

Green CND suggested the festival be permitted to take place on Trust land *near* Stonehenge, and offered to take responsibility for toilets, rubbish collections, protection of areas of archaeological importance and general organisation. Councillor Mayhew comments on the dismissal of this scheme: 'anyone offering a sensible solution should be listened to. It seems typical of the Trust's attitude, which has been one of not being prepared to negotiate.'

Having personally witnessed the violent events of Saturday, unless somebody finds a compromise solution it seems clear that next time people may die. ●

Release request that all witnesses and photographers at Saturday's events get in touch on 01 603 8654.

ON MONDAY 3 June two Greenham women, Heidi Jones and Rhonda Field, bailed to appear in Devizes on charges of trespass on military land drove towards Stonehenge in the lunchtime recess. They failed to return in time for trial and were found guilty and fined in their absence.

Later they appeared and told magistrates they'd been stopped by civil police on suspicion of going to the festival and taken to a local garage, where they state they were strip-searched and sprayed with water. The magistrates refused to accept this as an excuse for not being in court and the sentence stood.

Other people in court (involved in trespasses when the recent cruise convoy was on Salisbury Plain) were fined £30 for each offence and given a life-time ban on returning there. Local people, who have also been warned off the Plain by police, were extremely worried that this ban may apply to them.

Polly Woolley

See also Polly Woolley p16

Newham 7

Light breaks on police practices

ONE OF the key prosecution witnesses in the trial of the 'Newham 7', Maria Isen, a part-time waitress at the Wimpy Bar, Upton Park, last week admitted at the Old Bailey that she'd been a police 'informer' in the period before and after 7 April 1984, the day of the incidents outside the Duke of Edinburgh pub which led to the arrest of seven Asians and three white youths. (*NS* 31 May).

Isen told the jury — composed of nine whites, three blacks and one Asian — that she'd become a Muslim, dyed her blonde hair black, and changed her name to Mariam. However she swore on the Bible in court. Cross-examination by defence counsel Ian Macdonald, appearing for two of the 'Newham 7' defendants, that her 'contact officers' Pc Steven Knight and Pc Ray Wood, (whom she addressed in court as 'Steve' and 'Ray') were, she said, only interested in collection information on Asian youths.

She said she was shown photographs of the events of 7 April 1984 on the evening of that day by the two officers, and told that her identification of Asians could lead to more arrests. The following day, 8 April, 'Newham 7' defendants Zaffer and Pervais Khan (two brothers) were arrested.

● The 'Newham 7' — Asians — are charged with offences ranging from criminal damage, affray, conspiracy to commit criminal damage and possessing offensive weapons, and are Bahadur Khan (22), Jothi Rajappan (17), Amjad Ali (21), Zaffar Khan (17), Parvaiz Khan (17), Athar Chaudhri (19), and Muhammed Hanif (18). With them in the dock are three white youths. Roy Lellow (26), Robert Lellow (21) and Stuart Young (21) of whom all are charged with common assault and the Lellow brothers also with affray. All defendants deny charges. The case continues.

Zubaida Motala

All London rally in support of the Newham 7, East Ham Town Hall, High Street on 13 June. Speakers are Ron Leighton, Tony Banks, Ann Scargill and Rudy Narayan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step this way for a row over black students...

THE POLYTECHNIC of North London (PNL), which last year came close to closure after the conflict between students and the NF member Patrick Harrington, is facing another major row. Members of NATFHE (the 'lecturers' union') at Kilburn Polytechnic are calling on the Inner London Education Authority and the union's national anti-racist committee to investigate a refusal by PNL to accept a Kilburn-based access course for black students.

Access courses provide an opportunity for people without O and A levels to progress on to degree courses. Kilburn Poly, which in fact isn't a polytechnic at all but a further education college, planned to offer a course exclusively for Afro-Caribbean students which would have led to acceptance on PNL degree courses in librarianship, management and social studies. But the idea collapsed when PNL insisted that the course be for 'disadvantaged' not 'black' students.

Support for the Kilburn NATFHE members has come from their union colleagues at PNL. They've called for an independent inquiry into the allegation, led by anti-racists and members of the black community. And they've demanded that PNL's race equality working party consider action against any 'polytechnic management, department, or staff, found to have acted in a racist manner'.

Vital to the row is an allegation by lecturers at Kilburn that during negotiations between the two colleges PNL staff made racist comments. One senior PNL lecturer is said to have opposed the planned course because of the difficulty of placing blacks on work-experience courses (part of the degree requirement) because industry 'believes black students are trouble makers and get the other ethnics going'.

'Molotov cocktails'

Another objected to a planned course at Kilburn on the 'black experience in Britain' because it wasn't a suitable preparation for a degree, and asked, 'Are you going to teach them to make Molotov cocktails, and man the barricades?'

PNL information officer Miranda Bell denies the racist charge and points out that the Poly's teacher training department runs a blacks-only access course. She says that Kilburn broke off the talks and that PNL would be happy to re-open them. But she can't comment on the alleged racist comments because 'the meetings were unminuted and there's no record of what was said'.

Merilyn Moos, NATFHE representative at Kilburn, says that for their part there can be no new negotiations until PNL accepts the right of other colleges to run courses for blacks. She intends bringing pressure on the union executive to investigate the affair.

Barry Hugill

... and that way for a debate on black lawyers

SOME 200 people meet this Saturday 8 June at London's Festival Hall to thrash out what ought to be done about racial discrimination in the legal profession. Organised by the Minority Access to the Legal Profession Project (a GLC-funded group based at South Bank Poly), the conference will be the first occasion on which the barriers facing black lawyers are discussed in public (*NS* 5 April).

Even the Law Society is sending a speaker, which seems to indicate that it's at least willing to recognise that there's a problem to be discussed. Other speakers include Mota Singh (the first Asian judge in Britain), Paul Boeteng, and Mr Justice Scott, who chairs the Bar Senate's Race Relations Committee.

The gross under-representation of the ethnic minorities in the legal profession is of far more consequence than, say, the fact that there aren't many black accountants, because of the immense political power that the top end of the judiciary wields. Some of the under-representation is due to class factors — most black lawyers graduate through polytechnics, and it's virtually impossible for non-law graduates to become lawyers unless they have private means — but for years there have been allegations of direct racial discrimination.

In 1984 the Bar Senate came close to recognising discrimination, saying that there is significant 'de facto segregation' of black barristers. Since it was set up six months ago, the Minority Access Project has been circulating questionnaires to Law students, the replies from which seem to indicate that many black students do at least *perceive* discrimination in getting jobs and articles.

Conference demands are likely to include ethnic monitoring of solicitors and that the Law Society make discrimination a disciplinary offence (it's already an offence to discriminate against *clients*) — or at the very least pass an anti-racist resolution at its AGM — as the Bar Senate has done.

Jolyon Jenkins

MISCELLANY

Surrealism in Soho...

8 pm (approx) this Monday 3 June, Greek St, Soho. Women leaning from fourth-storey windows into the still-scorching sunshine teasing an excitable crowd gathered on the east pavement: 'Who wants a good time then?' White-shirted cops doing their good-guy number, joking into their mikes. Italian waiters emerging from their caverns to complain angrily about the uproar. And on the west pavement, around the steps up to L'Escargot restaurant, the reason for the disturbance: placards and chanting from a dozen persons, black and white, protesting against sales of books to South Africa by GMP Ltd (Gay Men's Press). Last Friday eight protestors temporarily occupied the GMP offices in north London. Inside L'Escargot the launch party for a new GMP title was in full swing — a wholly unconnected book of paintings by Philip Core. George Melly, who'd penned an introduction to the book, was there, gravel-voiced and naked — well, lacking one of his melancholy hats, and therefore seeming naked. Amazed diners at the front of the restaurant gazed into the street.

... reality in S Africa

It could all have been one of those art uproars formerly arranged with such care for first-nights and vernissages. *But it wasn't. By a curious coincidence the GLC is set to consider a grant application by GMP within the next few days. GMP has sold some copies of its books to South Africa virtually since it began publishing five years ago. In February it found a distributor in South Africa. There are tales about a competitor publisher 'fostering' the abrupt emergence of the South African sales as news. The young protestors were from Gays & Lesbians against Apartheid, Imperialism and Racism, with an alleged infusion from City AA (de-recognised this February by the Anti-Apartheid Movement), and from the Revolutionary Communist Group. GMP are feeling 'very sore' and think it 'a scurrilous misrepresentation' that they've been singled out for attack. There could be an extremely interesting consequence. There's talk of organising a get-together of radical publishers and the anti-apartheid movement to review the existing consensus that getting radical ideas into South Africa, to the extent that the censors don't stop them, is a necessary and justified exception to the advocated general trade embargo. 'And we'll go along with a consensus, either way', say GMP.*

'Magnificent and shy'

The most recent American edition of *House and Garden*, owned, like its UK counterpart, by Condé Nast, raves about an 'awesome secular temple in cozy, nook-and-cranny London' (has any American writer *been* to London since the 19th century?). This latter

Parthenon turns out to be the art collection of the Saatchis. Said Saatchis are, we learn, 'extreme in their rage for privacy' and 'magnificent and shy'. Not so shy as all that. Mrs Doris Saatchi is a London representative of *House and Garden*. And the impartial aesthete who takes so calm a view of the Saatchis and all their works was at one point in the employment of the Saatchis, helping catalogue the collection. It's an odd fact that the more times artworks and their collections get mentioned in glossy mags, the more valuable the collections tend to become. And in American experience, the interior decor mags' spreads on fabulous possessions are often a prelude to their dispersal. Watch the auction houses.

Randi ghostbuster

Now that there's not just a professorship of parapsychology (Edinburgh's Arthur Koestler chair) but an occupant for it (Dr Robert Morris, BSc Pittsburgh, PhD, Duke, N. Carolina) the empire of rationality is striking back. This 28-29 June there's to be a gathering of the reasonable at University Coll, London, organised by the dread Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, whose members like to refer to themselves as skeptical, *with a rigorous 'k'. Tough minds anxious to protect us all from the 20th century's monsoons of scienceless 'science', they're flying in from New Zealand, Canada, the USA, on strictly Newtonian conveyances; no beaming down. Here they'll join such British confrères as the emeritus prof of psychology at Swansea, C.E.M. Hansel, who'll be nailing 'Fallacy, Fact & Fraud in Parapsychology'. Confrères is the word. The 13 listed speakers are all men, opening out a very curious line of thought, possibly deserving of a whole separate and later conference: 'The Occult — is it a Feminist Conspiracy?'; or, 'Air-Travel — Can Only Men Afford it?'. It's plainly going to be a whizz of a confab, even without any skeptical women. Most tempting, from the agenda, looks 'The Case of the Columbus, Ohio, Poltergeist', to be pinned to the wall by James Randi, magician and author. Kid you not.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greenham

JAILORS LASH BACK AT 'NO NAMES' TACTIC

A MASS TRESPASS at USAF Greenham Common led to over 30 women being held last week in what they later said were appalling conditions in Reading police station; and to their being denied certain rights on being sent to prison. CLAIRE HUDSON reports

OVER 300 women entered the base at Greenham on the afternoon of 25 May to challenge the new by-laws which make it an offence merely to trespass there. They were also protesting against the 12-month jail sentence passed on Anne Francis after she was convicted of £131.50 worth of criminal damage.

Many of the women had decided not to give their names and addresses, in an attempt to confuse the police and clog up the courts and prison system with nameless women. They soon found that bureaucracy did not take kindly to the heresy.

About 100 women were held in custody at Reading, Newbury and Windsor police stations over the rest of the weekend. A special magistrates court was held on Bank Holiday Monday, with the authorities having to refer to the defendants by numbers only.

Over 30 women were immediately sentenced to seven days imprisonment and taken for the time being to Reading police station. The womens' most serious complaints focus on their treatment there. They were put in cells in threes, freezing on bare concrete, with no mattresses or blankets. These were only provided after 11 at night and generally removed at 7 in the morning.

A serious complaint concerned the use of riot vans for transporting the women. Riot vans carry ten prisoners each in an individual cell which measures less than 3 foot by 3 foot. A bolt is drawn across all five cells on each side as well as each one being individually locked. There's usually a tiny window.

One woman said afterwards 'It's like being trapped in a very small lift. When you're put in the vans you feel sick with fear. They're barbaric, and what would happen if there was a crash? How could they get people out?'

In Styal women were kept in solitary confinement, even to the point of taking exercise alone. In Cookham Wood prison they were refused letters to write home, and to their MPs. They were refused vegan food, so many didn't eat for two days, and they were kept on 24-hour lock up apart from half-an-hour's exercise.

On leaving they were told they'd get no rail warrants or fares. Some had no money at all so they sat down in the reception area and refused to leave. They were then forcibly removed from the prison.

The Home Office says the women weren't given rail warrants because they have to put their names on them. But the women who were sent to Styal, Durham and Holloway all received rail warrants or some money on leaving the prison.

Of course making any official complaint about these incidents is impossible without giving a name and address. The women who managed to remain nameless for nearly a week in custody, and suffered so much for it, are unwilling to give the police the satisfaction of finally getting their names through the complaints system. As one woman said 'It might make it seem that treating prisoners like this always pays.' ●

Anita Corbin

Celled riot-van — this one held Greenham women in '83

Councils 'no' to apartheid

RESEARCH commissioned by the UN Centre against Apartheid and published this week by Sheffield city council shows that 74 British local authorities have policies against buying South African or Namibian goods. The GLC's decision to sell its pension fund holding in RTZ made it the 39th council to disinvest. Fourteen councils have moved from Barclays to other banks.* *Local Authority Action Against Apartheid, *£1.50 from AAM, 13 Mandela St, London NW1.*

Hugh Bayley

Yes — ouch! — May was great for the two Davids

THE LIBERAL/SDP Alliance took the lead in votes cast in local council by-elections in May. Their surge is broadly in line with recent opinion polls; the Conservatives came third.

Altogether 65 by-elections were held during May — most of them on 2 May, the same date as the shire county elections. Looking at the pattern of gains and losses, the Alliance's performance was particularly strong *after* 2 May. Again, this is in line with the opinion polls.

Fifty-two of the month's contests were three-cornered, with Conservative, Labour and Alliance candidates all in contention. More than 115,000 votes were cast in these contests. The votes were distributed as follows:

Liberal/SDP	40,967	35.0%
Labour	39,940	34.1%
Conservative	34,928	29.8%
Others	1,191	1.0%

The month's gains and losses table shows Labour's net position unchanged, with the Alliance gaining at the expense of the Tories:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	29	12	2	19
Lab	18	5	5	18
Lib	15	3	7	19
SDP	2	0	6	8
Other	1	1	1	1

One of Labour's most worrying results was the loss of Grove Park ward in Lewisham. This is the first loss Labour has suffered in London for many months. The ward is in Lewisham East, which is confronting Labour's national executive over the role of the constituency's black section; Lewisham was also one of the 'confrontation' boroughs on ratecapping. It looks as if the black section argument did more damage than ratecapping. Two by-elections held in Hackney, another 'confrontation' borough, both produced swings *to* Labour.

Peter Kellner

Council scoreboard

2 May

Thamesdown DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Teignbridge DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Stevenage DC	LAB GAIN (Lib)
NE Fife DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Mid Beds DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Swale DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Hambledon DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Poole DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Mid Sussex	SDP GAIN (Con)
Tynedale DC	IND GAIN (Lib)
Horsham DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
Bury DC	Lab hold
Thamesdown DC	Lab hold
Manchester City	Lab hold
Hackney LBC	Lab hold
South Yorks CC	Lab hold
Tameside DC	Lab hold
Rossendale DC	Lab hold
Barnsley DC	Lab hold
Ipswich DC	Lab hold
Ipswich DC	Lab hold
Solihull DC	Lab hold
Chelmsford DC	Lib hold
Harrow LBC	Lib hold
Hackney LBC	Lib hold
Cannock Chase DC	Lib hold
Milton Keynes DC	Lib hold
Newcastle-u-Lyme DC	Lib hold
St Albans DC	Lib hold
Southampton DC	Lib hold
West Lindsay DC	Lib hold
Peterborough DC	Lib hold
Colchester DC	SDP hold
Mid Sussex DC	SDP hold
Elmbridge DC	Con hold
Elmbridge DC	Con hold
Mansfield DC	Con hold
Harborough DC	Con hold
Rushcliffe DC	Con hold
Shrewsbury DC	Con hold
West Wilts DC	Con hold
High Peak DC	Con hold
Macclesfield DC	Con hold
Macclesfield DC	Con hold
St Albans DC	Con hold
West Lindsay DC	Con hold

9 May

Aberdeen DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Waverley DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Waverley DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Waverley DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Lewisham LBC	CON GAIN (Lab)
Waverley DC	Con hold
Bexley LBC	Con hold
Coventry City	Con hold

16 May

Rushmoor DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Clydebank DC	Lab hold

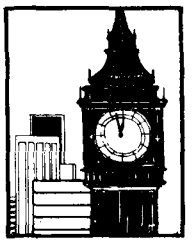
23 May

Teignbridge DC	LAB GAIN (Lib)
Wealdon DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Wealdon DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
NE Derby DC	Lab hold
Wakefield DC	Lib hold
Trafford DC	Lib hold
Calderdale DC	Con hold
Wealdon DC	Con hold

30 May

Rotherham DC	LAB GAIN (Con)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER

Norman Fowler's two hundred thousand million pound rip-off

BRITISH TELECOM? Peanuts. British Gas? A trifle. British Airways? Forget it. This week Norman Fowler announced the big one. By early next century, if everything goes the way that Fowler wants, just about the whole of Britain will be a subsidiary of Private Pensions plc.

First reactions to his Green Paper on the welfare state were that the Social Services Secretary had not been as radical as he had promised or the rest of us had feared. And it is true that, for the moment anyway, he has not bitten hard into child benefits or unemployment benefit — although the suspicious absence of numbers from the government leaves open the option of allowing the value of benefits to erode by not making up fully for inflation. It is also true that the ending of state earnings-related pensions will be tapered.

But Fowler's long-term changes in pensions arrangements are of monumental importance. Gradually but inexorably they will shift economic power more decisively than anything any government has done before from elected MPs to unelected City financiers.

Fowler's justification for abandoning SERPS is set out in one of the background papers published this week. By the year 2033 the earnings-related part of the state pension scheme would have cost £23 billion a year at today's prices. The Green Paper says that this would mean 'a pre-emption of the state social security resources to this form of pension provision for 40 years to come'. This would leave 'no scope for improvements elsewhere in social provision or other areas like health — unless there are to be even further increases in contribution and tax'.

So Fowler proposes reverting to a flat-rate state pension. The Green Paper acknowledges that this will not provide anybody with an adequate standard of living, for it will require employees and employers *compulsorily* to pay at least 4 per cent of everyone's pay to a private occupational pension 'to ensure that a reasonable level of provision is made'. (Although the subject is too important for party point-scoring, it is worth dwelling on the significance of that statement; for it can only mean that a state pension *without* the extra occupational pension constitutes an 'unreasonable level of provision'.)

According to John Kay of the Institute of Fiscal Studies on *Newsnight* on Monday night, this compulsory private pension should broadly fill the gap left by the end of SERPS. Let us suppose he is right. In 50 years' time, the pensions industry will be shelling out £23 billion a year more to pensioners than they would have done otherwise. In round figures that would mean that pension funds will control an extra £200 billion worth of assets — enough to buy the whole of British Telecom, British Airways, British Gas and still leave more than £160 billion looking for a home. (The exact asset figure will depend in inflation and interest rates, and how far private pensions will be required to be index-linked.)

It is hard to conceive of a more colossal boost to capitalism — and, what is more, to capitalism of a special kind. Fowler's proposal does nothing to stimulate the small shareholder, but the opposite. What he wants to do is to force people to lend money to pension fund managers for up to 50 years. If a worker is dissatisfied with the policies or performance of his or her fund, too bad: the individual is denied the ultimate sanction of withdrawing the money and placing it elsewhere. Never before in the field of human finance will so much have been lent by so many for so long to so few.

Nor surprisingly, the Green Paper says little about this. And what it says is charged with mindless optimism: 'The government will . . . ensure that safeguards on investment and minimum standards of benefit are defined for the schemes which people and companies can invest in.' And that's it: no mention of how the investment of such huge sums is to be regulated, or what will happen if a pension fund cannot meet its legal commitments.

Nor is that an arid theoretical point: however onerous a government's financial commitments, it can always discharge them by raising taxes. But if a private fund cannot pay its debts, it goes bust. Of course the risk could be eliminated by funds only putting their money into 'safe' investments. But if there is one thing worse than the prospect of £200 billion of our money slopping around the City, it is the prospect of that money being ploughed, God help us, into the shares of 'safe' companies.

LABOUR'S INITIAL reaction has been to announce that a future Kinnock government will restore SERPS. As I argued in this space five weeks ago, a perfectly sound case can be made for keeping SERPS, on the grounds that even a slowly-growing economy will be able to afford the cost.

Even so, I am not sure that it is a wise commitment. It is a good socialist principle that no pensioner should live in poverty; but why is it good socialism to make the state pension earnings-related? As an Institute for Fiscal Studies working paper has put it: 'The logic which dictates that the managing director of ICI should receive a larger pension *from the state* than ICI's manual workers is by no means self-evident, but is at the heart of SERPS.'

It seems to me that the Liberals have a better approach: instead of SERPS, to have a flat-rate state pension at least 25 per cent higher than the present basic pension. (I write 'Liberal' rather than 'Alliance' not in order to bait the SDP — on this occasion — but because the two Alliance parties have very different policies. Three weeks ago David Owen argued specifically against the abolition of SERPS.)

After ensuring a decent, universal pension for everyone, there is a straightforward libertarian argument for not *forcing* people to pay any more. It is that working people should have the right to choose for themselves how much they consume now and how much they consume later, when they retire.

But the Liberal scheme on its own would end up also concentrating power in the hands of the City, even if not to quite the extent implied by Fowler's proposals. If everyone has the right (if not the obligation) to an occupational pension, the pension funds are bound to do a roaring business. It is here that some original socialist thinking could well be applied.

Roy Hattersley has proposed the establishment of a National Investment Bank to help revive the economy. Here, surely, is an idea that could be developed. Pension contributions can potentially provide much, if not all, of the money the bank would need. There are various routes by which the money could reach the bank: a levy on all contributions to private pension funds; and/or a share of the proceeds that the government receives from the sale of new gilt-edged stock to pension funds; and/or, most imaginatively of all, by the bank launching its own pension fund — or even funds. (Why should not socially-owned enterprises compete with each other in the services they offer and the investment decisions they make?)

I have argued in this column before that the defining characteristic of modern socialism is, or ought to be, its devotion to the equal and democratic distribution of power as well as wealth. SERPS, as a state scheme, is notionally democratic, but is actually centralised and remote, and also unequal. Fowler's scheme is both unequal and anti-democratic.

Had the 1975 consensus been left undisturbed, we might have been able to let matters rest. But following the Fowler review it is worth considering the construction of a new, more socialist pensions policy. The state would ensure an adequate, equal basic pension for all, but in addition design a responsive, democratic system for handling the large flows of voluntary pension contributions that working people choose to make. You never know, it is a form of socialism that, unlike most forms of public ownership, could even win votes. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIVE BY AGGRO, DIE BY AGGRO

Mrs Thatcher rejoiced and the *Sun* crowed 'Gotcha!' to war in the Falklands, but both spoke of national shame when 'our boys' went to kill in Brussels. Edward Vulliamy was there

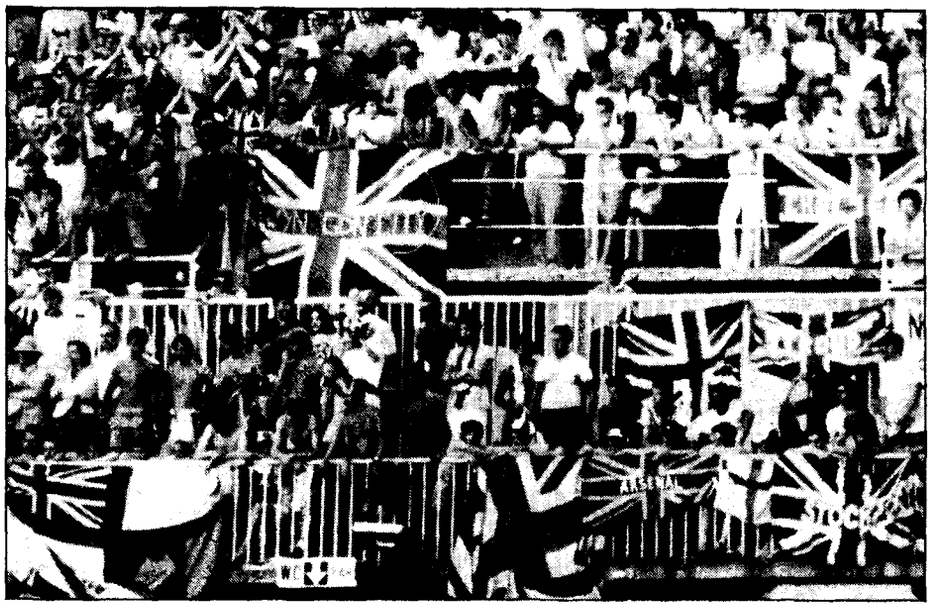
THE ITALIANS came to Brussels last week — the overwhelming majority of them — in peaceful groups of working people, students, professional people, rich people, unemployed and schoolchildren. There were sizeable numbers of women and girls and the popular drinks were coke and coffee. They carried huge flags, klaxons and banners: 'Grazie Juve' — Thank you Juve — read one, which was passed over the heads of the crowd, 40 feet long. They came as though to a festival, to make an enormous amount of noise and to win the cup.

The English supporters came less to win the cup for football or even 'their club' than to assert their collective English manhood, free from the ties of job or poverty, of 'normality', of women and girls of whom there were almost none to be seen. They bellowed tuneless songs about 'wops' and 'spiks' and drank themselves into a state where nothing was real but their mass violence. Those who are still desperately searching for rotten apples in an otherwise healthy sport will have a fruitless hunt. The young men of Liverpool are not alone in seeing violent chauvinism as heroic; nor are they alone in seeing football as lacking any commanding ethic of good fun for all, a game which invites community involvement throughout society.

In Brussels last Wednesday, the behaviour of these two groups symbolised the attitudes of two nations to their football — and to themselves. The Italians in the fated Z block did not understand tribal British football thuggery. They saw no reason why they should not wave their silky flags and cheer their team, separated from their opponents only by a wire fence. In their lives, this was safe.

They did not understand that the red and yellow crowds to their left harboured a lunatic code of self-esteem; that it was a matter for their drunken, blood-thirsty and racist English 'honour' that the terraces be cleared of 'spiks' and the Union Jack flown unchallenged. I saw one Liverpool fan with a tee-shirt: 'Keep the Falklands British' as though he and his mates were the task force. Perhaps, as he kicked and punched, he thought, in the *Sun*'s infamous screech of violent chauvinism, 'GOTCHA'!

Football in Italy is a religion — not without violent devotees, but violence is swamped by the fanatical interest among all social classes. Last year, when Liverpool went to Rome to win the European Cup by beating their hosts, the AC Roma supporters sang in the stadium for five hours before kick off. After defeat, fires lit up all around the ground in the balmy dusk. A riot? No, it was the fans burning every flag, scarf, banner and hat they had, in complete silence: an extraordinary ritual. In the streets outside, true, some threw bottles at the English. But many more — grown men — wept on their knees in gutters. The city plunged into deep



'A far-off corner of the foreign field must be forever England. The fans must have Lebensraum'

and heartfelt despair and shame for weeks. And when Juventus won the Italian league a few weeks before, celebrations in the streets or Turin and other cities lasted three nights. Almost nobody turned up for work at Turin's Fiat factory the day after the winning match.

The Italians read and read about football. They cannot know enough. There are two mass circulation football daily newspapers — the *Gazzetta dello Sport* and the *Corriere dello Sport*. Francesco Morini, a former Juventus player, once told me 'They count the hairs on our arses'. Unlike the English papers, the pages of *Gazzetta* and *Corriere* carry match reports from all over the world. Unlike the insular English fans, Italians know more about foreign leagues than many native supporters. There is speculation, opinion, gossip, statistics and minutiae, ad infinitum.

> **'Young supporters see big fat cheques being spent on players who often don't warrant it yet they're being expected to stand and watch football matches in conditions you wouldn't send a pig into.'**
>
> Martin Hardy, *Daily Express*

Even the national political dailies carry pages and pages of football news. The liberal *Corriere della Sera*, read by the middle classes, had four pages of European Cup warm-up every day for a week before the Brussels match. On the Tuesday, they ran tables detailing the favourite hobbies, favourite pop groups, cars, heights, ages, family sizes and weights of the entire Liverpool and Juventus squads. The *Gazzetta* carried the only headline possible for the morning of the game: 'JUVE, TUTTA L'ITALIA SOGNA CON TE', Juve, all Italy dreams with you.

Juventus epitomises the sublime level to which an Italian football club can rise in the eyes of its faithful. A legend in footballing history, they have support from all over Italy. There has even been a 'Juve Club Londra' since February. Juventus is owned by Fiat, whose boss, Signor Agnelli, flew to Brussels surrounded by a team of heart specialists, expecting a tense game. Like the British club chairmen, the team bring him prestige. But he does also put money and effort back into the game.

FOOTBALL in Italy is not a male domain. Many of the injured at Brussels were women. There were as many women as men in my row of seats, their passion more elegant and their adoration of the game more composed. In Italy, one sees far more couples at matches — a good seat at a big game is a highly prestigious date. The Juventus stars, Paolo Rossi, Michel Platini and the rest, are adored more deeply than British stars, and very differently. They are glamour boys, not macho men. Photo-portraits of them are top-selling postcards on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newsstands in any Italian city.

In Brussels on Wednesday, two young girls were admiring pictures of and reading about the Juventus team over a coffee in a bar. They were approached and prodded by three swaying Liverpool supporters, two in string vests and none exactly underweight — sung to in slurred tones at a distance of ten inches. Amazed, they smiled nervously and left the bar.

There are violent fans in Italy. Most of the big teams carry among their supporters an 'Ultra Commando' — a posse of fascists who fight with the police. One difference with Britain is that the 'Ultra Commandi' are minute. Each numbers about 50. The important difference is that they really are what the Football authorities in England pretend our thugs to be: a despised minority. When Juventus fans fired flares, blanks and threw bars at police in Brussels, the Italians all around me and around them stood and chanted 'BASTA, BASTA!' enough, enough! and 'FUORI, FUORI!', out, out!,.

There was no such outrage from Liverpool fans not involved in the lethal charges, no stronger crowd ethos to swamp the violent ones. At the Juventus end, players from the team ran from the dressing rooms into the heart of the riot to try and calm their devotees. I wonder if Liverpool players even considered such an intervention at the other end.

LIVERPOOL holds a place in English football not unlike Juventus in Italy. A majestic history, supporters all over the country, and a record of fair behaviour by fans. That record of behaviour held until this year, when Liverpool's fortunes began to go into to decline. Then, the sanctimonious 'Kop' showed signs that it was falling in line with the other manic tribes who are loathed and feared in Europe.

'We hate spiks, we hate spiks, ee-i-addio, we hate spiks', they sang outside the stadium before the match in Brussels, swaying and full of beer. One fan jumped up and down in a frenzy, shrieking 'fucking spiks, fucking wops'. There was not an Italian in sight. He was not distributing NF leaflets, he was not a 'cockney agitator', he was not being provoked — he was just drunk, and looked proud to be representing what he saw as his team and his country.

There were two charges by the Liverpool fans inside the ground. The first tore down the fence and several hundred young men lunged into the Italians, sending them fleeing under a barrage of iron rods, rocks, kicks and punches. During the pause that followed, and while some Italians fled onto the pitch, I saw the Liverpool fans enjoy their triumph, dancing and waving their flags. Then, in concert, they charged again, kicking and throwing anything they had, pushing and pushing the Juventus supporters to inevitable agony and death. A Nottingham publican who was the first to try and help the wounded told me he had seen the dead kicked and mutilated.

Liverpool Football Club, much of the British media and indeed the nation looked hard for causes other than the mass desire to be violent. In Parliament on Monday the Prime Minister airily dismissed Kinnock's proposal for an investigation; she's not interested in the cause, only concerned to punish. For others, it was the National Front, it was infiltrators from London, it was the ticket sales policy ('I told them' said Sports Minister Neil MacFarlane as though it were all the fault of a foreign government ignorant of the true rules), it was the quality of the fence, the poor policing. Or if it was no one's fault, simply a natural disaster.

'It was the National Front, proof page 3' said the *Daily Star*. The *Telegraph* carried a front page story about 'English and Italian fans' being killed. The *Express* quickly turned to 'anti-British frenzy in Europe' and the *Daily Mirror* to 'BRITONS WARNED: Keep out of Europe'. Yet when Liverpool manager Joe Fagan offered up a prayer in Liverpool Cathedral, it was for 'all' victims of soccer tragedies 'especially Brussels and Bradford'.

Most of the early press reports came from football correspondents, the authors of the little male-only enclaves at the back of British newspapers who care only for what happens on the pitch and who so rarely admit into their cloister the brutish realisites of the terraces, the often pitiful state of the stands into which the fans are herded, the sorry isolation of the club from the local community it is intended to represent. After football violence at home their brief is: 'Meanwhile, on the pitch. . .' In their blinkered view of what football is about they share a responsibility for the cutting of ties between the sport and any wider set of values.

'A Chairman is going to get much more kudos out of spending £400,000 on a new centre forward who is going to bring glory to the club and prestige to the Chairman. You cannot get the same pleasure and prestige out of paying for a row of loos.'

Julie Welch, *Observer*

It was a great shock to return to England, still thinking about the tearful Italians pestering the officials for information, about the rows of bodies on makeshift stretchers, to find Liverpool and the press debating a 'disaster' perpetrated by a 'minority'. It was though this was a hiccup in a game still characterised by cloth caps, rattles, baggy shorts and fathers with sons on little stools.

THE INITIAL excuses, as reported in papers bought in Belgium next day, were comforting to unremorseful English fans as they trekked home. On my coach: 'It was a crap ground, that's why it happened'. Some complained that their part of the stadium was 'too crowded', and that the charges were a matter of 'needing to spread out', and newspapers believed them. By evening television was transmitting interviews with fans who complained of provocation (a lie), or said that they 'did not recognise' the assailants (so what?), or they 'were cockneys' (so what?). A Spurs fan, along for the ride, was joking about the savings the Italian supporters' clubs would make on coach hire for the return journey. A fan from Liverpool, staying in the hotel room next to mine, was less sophisticated: 'Good', he said on seeing the papers, 'they deserved it'. There was plenty of outrage, and little compassion — unlike the French and Italian, the British Embassy in Brussels sent no wreath to the service for the bereaved, nor did Liverpool football club.

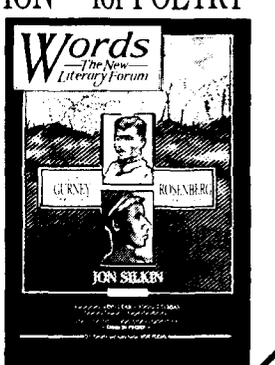
Liverpool's players expressed 'shock'. They might as well have been 'sick as a parrot'. When the team captain, Phil Neal, came on the tannoy in Brussels after the slaughter, he asked for calm and complained that the team were having to wait too long in the dressing rooms. Then they went on to play a not very clean game and tried to win the cup. British players have done very little to challenge what goes on beyond the white chalk coastline at the edge of the pitch. White footballers are silent while their black team mates are systematically booed and taunted. Occasional 'shock' is expressed, but no anger or sorrow, no solidarity action with their black colleagues, or the rare known gay footballer derided as a 'fairy'; they take no responsibility and make no call for action.

LEAVING THE shores of England merely exacerbates the already dominant narrow chauvinism of the fans, widens the gap between them and the team they are supporting. Foreign territory frees the fan of all restrictions but his

Words
—The New Literary Forum—

THE *NEW* LITERARY MONTHLY
· for CRITICISM · for DRAMA ·
· for FICTION · for POETRY ·

Contributors to Early Issues include;
Richard Adams, Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, J.G. Ballard, Alan Bates, Charles Causley, D.J. Enright, Gavin Ewart, John Griffin, Nigel Hawthorne, David Holbrook, Penelope Lively, Edward Lucie-Smith, Norman MacCaig, Roger McGough, Adrian Mitchell, John Mole, Michael Moorcock, Blake Morrison, Peter Redgrove, Lawrence Sail, Howard Sergeant, Jon Silkin, Arnold Wesker.



Available from Good Newsagents or by Regular Subscription.

Send for our *FREE* Brochure and subscription details *TODAY!*
T-F ASSOCIATES (*Words Magazine*)
1st Floor, 7 Chapel Rd., Worthing, W. Sussex, BN11 1EG. or Tel: (082 582) 490.

OUT NOW!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mass solidarity with the other English lads. He strips his shirt off within minutes of arrival at Ostend. Then the group code demands that he jeers at every aspect of life in the host country. 'They' have 'pissy beer', 'ugly birds' 'shitty trains', 'crappy grounds', a frantic need to reassure themselves that being English is being best. He uses any aggressive patriotic catchphrase: 'Ee-i-addio we won the war' to the Italians; 'wops', 'greasy dagoes', 'Argies', 'spiks' both in casual conversation with each other and shrieked at the Italians.

And then there is the need to drink, not to get tipsy, but to get paralytic. A duty-free litre of Drambuie disappeared easily amongst a small group during my half-hour flight. The amount of drink served up by nervous but delighted publicans in Brussels was staggering. Once drunk, there is the standard practice of getting onto the tables and stamping. And the drunker one gets, the more intense all the other modes of behaviour become, until what is left is a lunatic hatred and blind aggression towards anything that does not conform.

And one fatal and final rule: English fans think they must have an end of the ground to themselves. A far-off corner of the 'shitty' foreign field must be forever England. The fans must have 'Lebensraum' in the stadium. And this is the clause in the British fans' sick book of rules of which the flag-waving Italians in Z block were fatally unaware. They committed the provocation of being Italian. So the charges of the Liverpool fans were required under the code of conduct for two reasons: One — just to get at the 'spiks'. Two — to purify Z Block and establish English rule at that end of the ground. This meant forcing a terrified crowd against barriers and concrete walls; forcing and forcing them until victory. It could only have led to murder.

There was something about the application of British purity which drew a timbre from values which reach beyond football. The same newspapers which brand these fans as 'animals' also write headlines like 'Hop off You Frogs' and the legendary 'GOTCHA'. Indeed, there was little to differentiate the drunken hysteria in the bars of Brussels and one night in a packed pub in Tufnell Park in 1982, when gleeful patriots celebrated the sinking of the *Belgrano* in a wash of beer: the drinkers looked alike and the tunes were the same — the words adapted. Politicians and sociologists can argue about whether the behaviour of these fans is legitimised by the patriotism currently preached by the leaders of society — but the important point is that the fans think that it is. The influence of the Falklands cult on the English supporters abroad is obvious; 'Argie' is used to insult an Italian, a Spaniard, and Frenchmen, a Chilean or a Belgian.

The behaviour of English fans was, and is, sickening. It is hypocritical to belabour them for besmirching British values when in so many other areas of national life violence is made heroic, narrow chauvinism is appealed to and the need of the whole community for sports they can enjoy and take part in is ignored. □

Edward Vulliamy is a journalist who has followed British and Italian football for 15 years.

CHILE

CHILE DEFENCE PACT CONFIRMED

Leaked government documents prove that Britain and Chile still have a secret Falklands military pact against Argentina. But the increasing, gross abuse of human rights in Chile has nevertheless led Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe to prepare secretly to end cordial relations with the Pinochet dictatorship, reports Duncan Campbell. *Research: Patrick Forbes*

BRITAIN AND THE United States are considering cutting ties with the Chilean military junta if human rights are not restored according to Foreign Office papers leaked by a civil service 'mole'. But the continuing secret British military and intelligence arrangements against Argentina would have to be abandoned if Britain is to make its feelings felt about human rights in Chile.

A review of diplomatic relations with Chile was ordered by Sir Geoffrey Howe in November last year, after the Chilean dictatorship declared a 'State of Siege', and banned all political activity. The current repression of political and human rights in Chile is now comparable to the period directly after Pinochet's 1973 *coup d'etat*, which was followed by a 12-year 'State of Emergency'. Death squads are now operating again in Chile, as they do in El Salvador, for almost the first time in eight years.

Howe's decision to apply pressure on Chile was not taken unilaterally, but followed American pressure after the US had also reviewed its ties with Chile. After the US initiative, Sir Geoffrey ordered Foreign Office officials to conduct a 'Contingency Planning' review of British links with Chile. On 23 November 1984, a paper prepared by the South America Department of the Foreign Office was circulated, outlining British government options if the human rights situation 'continues to worsen'.

Details of the Chile contingency plan are contained in documents, classified 'confidential', sent two months ago to Jeremy Corbyn MP by Geoff Dennis, the mole in the Overseas Development Administration. One option considered would be for Britain to re-impose a complete arms embargo against Chile. This had been British government policy until Mrs Thatcher changed it in 1980; it has also been US policy since 1976.

An arms embargo would be a 'striking political gesture on our (Britain's) part'. But the problem would be the effects on the secret British-Chilean military pact, details of which were revealed in the *New Statesman* five months ago. The review warns that a full-scale arms embargo against Chile: 'could carry unacceptable penalties . . . (and) could hazard the defence and other co-operation we enjoy over the Falklands.'

Britain had previously benefitted from the dispute between Chile and Argentina over the ownership of islands in the Beagle Straits. But a peace treaty which resolved the issue (in favour of Chile) was signed in 1984, and was ratified by the Argentine Senate in April.

The successful new treaty, the Foreign Office documents note, could 'make it easier for Chileans to reduce the level of their co-operation with us if they were so tempted'. That

CHILE: CONTINGENCY PLANNING

1. In response to the recent deterioration in the political situation in Chile, in particular the declaration of a State of Siege on 6 November, the Secretary of State has called an office meeting to consider policy on our bilateral relations, to be held before his departure for Peking on 18 December.

striking political gesture on our part. But, it could also carry unacceptable penalties. The Chileans would regard an embargo as a major shift of British policy; and this could, in turn, hazard the defence and other cooperation we enjoy over the Falklands. Also relevant here is Chile's agreement with Argentina over the Beagle Channel; this could, in turn, make it easier for the Chileans to reduce the level of their co-operation with us if they were so tempted.

The Chile 'contingency plan': Falklands co-operation would be an obstacle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arms jamboree with the Dictator

INCLUDED in the leaked Chile review papers was a long list of arms that British military dealers, including the government's own Defence Sales Organisation, hoped to hawk to Chile — if, that is, the Chileans had any money to spend. All of these proposed deals had already been given official 'political approval for marketing', by the Foreign Office.

Military equipment	Number for sale	Comment
British Aerospace Jaguar fighters	18	Chile can't afford
British Aerospace Harrier fighters	12+ ?	US refused to allow sale*
British Aerospace Hawk fighters	12+ ?	'Long term prospect' only
Westland Lynx Naval Helicopters	6	Chile won't afford
HMS Ajax (anti submarine frigate)	1	Royal Navy prepared to sell during 1985
HMS Engadine (helicopter ship)	1	But the Royal Navy don't want to sell it
RN County Class destroyers	2	But the Royal Navy don't want to sell
RN Survey Ship	1	Available for sale in 1985
Centaur half track vehicle	300	One demonstration vehicle already sent to Chile (*NS* 3 May 1985): but the Foreign Office comments 'politically difficult here. To be watched carefully'.
Blowpipe missiles	30	Chile can't afford yet
Seacat missiles	?	Chile might buy in 1985
Rapier missiles (with *Laserfire*)	16	Chilean requirement later in the 1980s
Sea Wolf or Sea Dragon missiles	?	Chile might buy guns instead
Swingfire missiles	?	Chile can't afford
Miscellaneous naval spares, radar equipment, night sights	—	'Worth about £2million per annum'

**Because of the US arms embargo since 1976, which affects Harrier parts.*

would mean that, if the Chilean government took offence at a new line on human rights, it would stop providing military facilities for Britain and cease sharing intelligence information on Argentina.

The Foreign Office claimed this week that there is no special military 'pact' with Chile, in the form of a 'treaty'. The government has not, however, denied the existence of the less formal arrangements for the secret use of Chilean military bases during the Falklands war made with Pinochet in 1982 by the then British Ambassador. This is described instead as an 'operational matter' precluding comment. (In fact, any formal 'treaty' would by definition have had to be publicly deposited with the United Nations, which would naturally defeat the purposes of a secret military pact.)

British forces are continuing to use Chilean military facilities, such as the port of Punta Arenas, the Ministry of Defence acknowledged this week. Royal Navy ships operating in the Falklands area 'call at Chilean ports from time to time, usually on their way home from a Falklands tour of duty'. Besides this, Britain sells Chile military supplies, and is currently training Chilean naval and air force personnel, both here and in Chile. The Ministry of Defence also acknowledged that Chilean airfields were now available for British emergency use for the 'air bridge' to the Falklands.

SEVERAL OPTIONS for showing British displeasure with the Pinochet regime were reviewed by Sir Geoffrey Howe last December. They included:

- Recall or withdrawal of the British Ambassador if death squad activities continue and 'moderate' opposition leaders were still arrested;
- A total arms embargo (at the moment, government policy is to offer to sell Chile arms provided they cannot be used for internal repression);
- An end to overt military arrangements;
- Trade sanctions, including the blocking of international loans, and pressure on British banks not to make or renew loans to Chile;
- A boycott on Chilean government politicians making official visits to London; the government would choose to receive only opposition leaders instead.

Another option was to cancel permission given to Fairey Engineering Ltd to tender to refurbish a 'research' nuclear reactor near Santiago. But following an earthquake in Chile and adverse publicity the Chilean government has cancelled its plans.

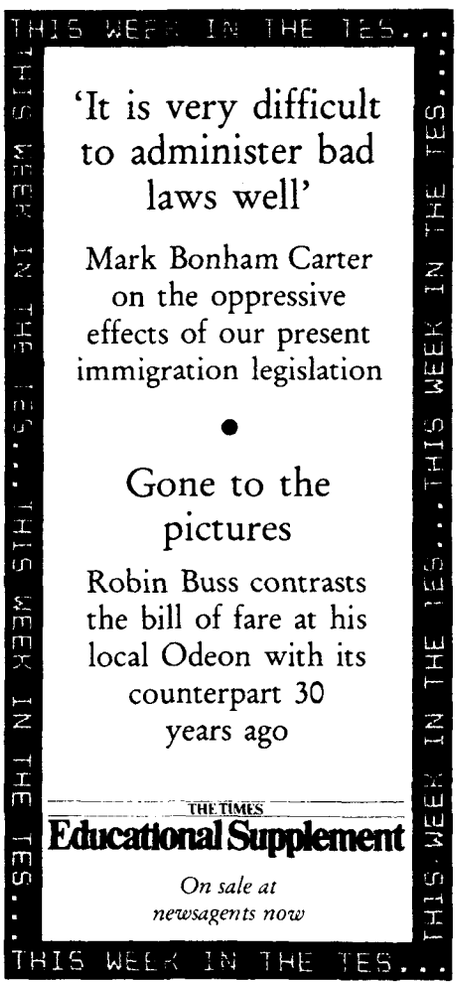
The review describes the military equipment that British companies have tried to flog to Chile. These include four types of aircraft, five Royal Navy ships (three of which the Navy don't want to sell), four types of aircraft and helicopter, six varieties of missile, and 300 army vehicles (see box). The only one the review regards as 'politically contentious' is the sale of 300 Centaur army vehicles.

In the six months since the review, no immediate public action has been taken. But a special emissary, Sir William Harding, the Foreign Office Under Secretary in charge of the Americas, was sent to Santiago to, as Sir William's junior said, 'express the British government's concern at the human rights situation'. The British Ambassador in Santiago has also been told to apply pressure. After three recent death squad murders, the British Ambassador warned the Chilean Interior Minister that 'a clarification of these crimes' was needed 'if the statements of the Chilean government were to have any credibility'.

Opposition MPs are asking that Howe now exercise his 'options' to promote the restoration of democratic rights in Chile. 'If Howe and his staff want us to be impressed that there has been serious consideration given to human rights in Chile', said Labour MP Jeremy Corbyn, 'then now there must be some action taken. The military pact with the Chilean dictatorship must end immediately. The case for an all-out arms embargo is utterly compelling. It is now quite intolerable to continue to permit British arms merchants to try and suck yet more money and lives out of Chile'.

The Chile Solidarity Campaign (CSC), of which Corbyn is a member, has just sponsored a visit to Britain by Maria Maluenda, the mother of one of Chile's new 'disappeared'. Maria Maluenda was one of Salvador Allende's leading diplomats before the dictatorship seized power. Her son, Jose Parada, a Catholic Church human rights worker, was one of three people abducted and murdered by army-linked 'death squads' on 28 March this year. His mutilated body was discovered two days later on a road outside Santiago.

Signora Maluenda made an official visit to the Foreign Office a month ago, together with CSC organiser Quentin Given. The Assistant Under Secretary for the Americas, David Thomas, agreed that the human rights situation 'had deteriorated seriously since January 1984'. 'A dangerous polarisation', he said, 'hindered the return of democracy'. However, the British government regarded 'denunciation' as 'not a constructive policy' but was already participating in EEC diplomatic initiatives. Nevertheless, Thomas said, 'when international human rights are breached, governments do have a right to intervene'. □


THIS WEEK IN THE TES...
'It is very difficult to administer bad laws well'
Mark Bonham Carter on the oppressive effects of our present immigration legislation
Gone to the pictures
Robin Buss contrasts the bill of fare at his local Odeon with its counterpart 30 years ago
THE TIMES
Educational Supplement
On sale at newsagents now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK POLITICS

MILITANT BLUNDERS ON

Why did Liverpool council call in the police to prevent black protestors distracting it from the class struggle? Ian Williams explains

LIVERPOOL'S LABOUR COUNCIL signalled a terminal break with representatives of Liverpool's black community when it called police into the council chamber to evict protestors from the last council meeting on 22 May. The *New Statesman* has detailed the story of the Race Relations Committee in Liverpool (22 February, 26 October), but let's recapitulate.

The Race Relations Committee was made up of 12 councillors and 12 members from the Liverpool Black Caucus, as representative of the black community in Liverpool. The appointment of Militant supporter Sam Bond as Race Relations Officer led to protests from unions and the Caucus. By disagreeing, the Caucus quickly became 'unrepresentative' and was condemned as such by resolution at the District Labour Party.

Half a year later, with Bond still unrecognised in his position, and most black organisations stubbornly refusing to co-operate with him, there would have been a conspicuous absence of black representation on the Race Relations Committee . . . if it weren't that the committee had been moved from the regular cycle of meetings in December, and left to meet when the Chair felt necessary. The Chair hadn't felt necessary, which may perhaps be because black representatives equalled the number of councillors.

So . . . the answer came, dissolve the committee, set up an Equal Opportunities Committee, with 15 councillors — and five representatives of the disabled, blacks, and women. The intention was to produce a more amenable, a more 'representative' committee. It is even possible that the Militant tendency has five handicapped black women to fit the bill.

Significantly, the proposals were a complete surprise, since they had not even gone to the District Labour Party before being put to Labour councillors. Unsurprisingly organisations representing blacks, women or the disabled were not consulted. Indeed, several women's groups had already joined the Community Relations Council and Black Caucus in opposition to the new committee. The Labour councillor for Granby ward, Dave Leach, even though he represents the ward with the highest proportion of blacks in the city, was not 'recognised' by the Chair at the council meeting, despite being on his feet continually by the end of the meeting.

The resulting protest from the gallery led to the ironic situation where Liverpool Labour Council, which you would think from some speakers to be the Petrograd Soviet, did the equivalent of calling in the Cossacks, by summoning Merseyside police to clear the gallery. Which they did with vigour and enthusiasm — and a significant degree of force. Two other Labour councillors joined Leach in walking out. The wheel had turned full circle from the time that the Militant prospective parliamentary candidate in Toxteth, Tony Mulhearn, appeared on the platforms of the Liverpool 8 Defence Committee, the forerunner of the Black Caucus, to protest at police violence during the Toxteth riots!

BERTHOLD BRECHT, who knew about democratic centralism, had a poem for it. On the occasion of the strikes and disturbances in East Berlin in 1953, provoked by a leaflet which claimed that the people had forfeited the confidence of the government, he said,

> Would it not be easier,
> In that case,
> For the government to dissolve the people
> And elect another?

Unfortunately, the Caucus and its supporters on this issue refuse to be dissolved. Last November's occupation of council offices was the first in a series of strong protests.

With elections coming next May, and several disastrous recent by-election results, there is some cynicism about the rate-capping campaign, with none of the heady, euphoric — but genuine — unity of last year. If it fails we can expect a vitriolic campaign blaming the 'treachery' of all who, for whatever reason, have disagreed with the politics of the Labour Group on any issue. In a replay of wartime jingoism, any disagreement on any issue is seen as disunity in the face of the enemy. But calls for unity when made by leaders totally unwilling to compromise with any disagreement within the party smack more of democratic centralism than democratic socialism. □

Ian Williams is a member of Liverpool Labour Party

WORKING LIFE

DON'T PUT DRIVERS IN SOLITARY

One person operation of trains and buses is a danger to drivers and passengers and there's a wealth of evidence to prove it, say Keith Forrester and Jonathan Winterton. If only rail union leaders had got *that* message across during last month's abortive London underground strike

THE DISPUTE was over the length of time drivers must work before taking a break. The greater stress experienced by tube drivers on the Metropolitan and Circle lines, the only one-person-operated routes, merited a break after two hours, argued the rail union NUR. London Regional Transport insisted on 3 hours 45 minutes driving before a break.

Dr Tony Ridley, London tubes boss, ideological cousin of the Transport Minister (Nicholas)

The NUR tried to fight the dispute on the issue of job losses, just as in 1982 the train drivers' union ASLEF fought and lost the 'flexible rostering' dispute on the issue of the redundancies that 'flexibility' would cause. But since 1982 there has been much research into the health effects on public transport workers of irregular shifts, unsocial hours and working alone.

The research suggests that one person operation (OPO) increases stress on train and bus drivers, which is not only bad for their health but puts passengers at risk.

A 'workers' investigation' by Leeds busworkers into their own working conditions found that much sickness absence was from stress-related illness. One third of the workers in the study, particularly OPO drivers and their spouses, blamed the shift system for social disruption, often leading to family tension.

> After thirteen years, myself and the children have learnt to make a life for ourselves; we can only be a proper family once a week on a Sunday (if my husband's duties fit in). When he comes home he eats, watches telly, then sleeps so soundly we can't wake him, so he stays downstairs a lot — so you could say I even sleep alone [bus driver's wife].

Shiftwork has been associated with a disruption of circadian rhythms (natural body cycles), sleep loss and lack of deep sleep, digestive disorders including gut ulcers, neurosis, cardiovascular disease, fatigue and depression. And a higher proportion of train drivers work shifts (96 per cent) than any other group of workers.

The 1982 ASLEF strike was an attempt to resist British Rail's plan to increase the irregularity of drivers' rosters, changing shift starting times during a week, daily shifts varying between 7 and 9 hours (instead of a fixed 8 hours), fewer regular Saturdays off and less opportunity to swap shifts.

European evidence of the health hazards of flexible rostering was ignored by British Rail. A study of Dutch train drivers in 1979 found

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stomach complaints more widespread on the night shift and concluded that irregular shiftwork was detrimental to the quality of sleep. In Sweden, a nationwide study of bus, tram and suburban train drivers was conducted in 1980 to enable the working environment to be *improved* as part of the modernisation of Gothenburg's transport system. The study's main recommendations concerned work loads, shift patterns and free time.

By contrast the modernisation of public transport in Britain, far from being viewed as an opportunity to improve the working environment, entails forms of work organisation that are detrimental to health and which demand further distortion of social and domestic arrangements.

> Naturally the tension builds up. A lot of the younger loco-men's marriages break up. But it's hardest for the kids. They have to creep around the house when their dad's sleeping. They can't have their friends around. Sometimes they don't see their dad except for a few minutes a day; they're at school when he's home, or else he's sleeping. There's no family life — the needs of the railway come first [engine driver's wife].

CHANGES IN public transport work organisation don't just affect workers' health but also passenger safety. A study of French electric train drivers linked sleep deprivation caused by the shift system with dozing off at the controls. A West German study of over 1,000 loco drivers examined the relationship between fatigue, rest periods and performance: the length of rest period was shown to influence vigilance.

The paradox of all forms of passenger transport is that passenger safety and the timetable impose contradictory requirements; whereas a lorry driver might be able to pull over for a nap when tired, drivers of all public transport vehicles cannot. On two-person buses the driver normally concentrates on pedestrians (and traffic) while the conductor takes care of passenger safety. With the move to OPO, both safety functions are imposed on the driver, intensifying the health effects of occupational stress and reducing the safety provision. It is more conceivable that a passenger's clothing caught in automatic bus doors could be undetected on an OPO bus than on a crew bus.

The move to OPO on the underground may introduce a similar cycle: passenger responsibility causing increased driver stress, leading in turn to reduced vigilance. The presence of a guard on late night tube trains also deters attacks on passengers; while a bus driver may possibly keep an eye out for trouble, the driver of an underground train is isolated from passengers and may be unaware of what's going on in the train.

> If I was a woman or an old person I wouldn't travel alone on the tube at night unless there was a guard's compartment on the train [LRT underground worker].

PUBLIC TRANSPORT workers are also afraid of being attacked themselves, and prefer working like the police in pairs. These fears can have an effect quite out of proportion to the actual likelihood of being attacked — just as underground drivers are in constant fear of having someone commit suicide under their train, although the actual incidence of suicides is small.

A survey conducted by the GLC 10 years ago estimated that in a year there were over 1,700 assaults on London bus staff and about 250 assualts on underground staff, although a third of assaults on busworkers and half of assaults on underground workers were not reported. The Leeds busworkers' study found 57 per cent of busworkers had been physically threatened and 20 per cent actually assaulted, while 40 per cent of busworkers *and 82 per cent of their spouses*, expressed anxieties about assault. In November 1983 Leeds busworkers took industrial action over this problem. The acceptance of OPO in Leeds several years ago increased the risk of assault with the motive of robbery; Bradford busworkers only accepted OPO last year on condition that fare boxes would be installed.

The situation is not helped by the silence of the Health and Safety Executive on questions of stress at work. Staffing and productivity, though, are central to employers' present thinking and pose urgent problems for the unions involved. ASLEF, for example, in February this year, served notice to BR of its intention to withdraw from the agreement over flexible rostering.

Those living with OPO workers, given the opportunity, can summarize the frustration, worry and the fragmentation of social life more eloquently than any research project and with greater vehemence than any OPO worker. Giving a voice to this dissatisfaction together with that of passengers could provide the strategy needed by the transport unions to resist the employers' offensive. □

STUDENT OFFER!

GET NEW STATESMAN
ALL SUMMER
FOR LESS THAN A FIVER!

If you're a student, you can have the **New Statesman** mailed to you at any UK address for 13 weeks at the special summer rate of £4.95.

It works out at **less than 40p a copy**, saving nearly £5.50 on shop prices.

For an extra 25p a week we'll even send your copy to an overseas address, or follow you round on your travels if that's what you want.

Just complete the form and return it with your payment. No stamp is needed.

This offer is open to full-time students only and closes of 31 July 1985.

WIN A RACING BIKE OR £300-WORTH OF WINE

Any subscriptions taken out before 30 June qualify for our subscribers' prize draw. First prizes are a Dawes racing bike worth over £250, or an instant cellar of over 150 bottles of wine.

Please send me the NEW STATESMAN for 13 weeks wherever I am. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £4.95 plus 25p for each week abroad.

Name.....
Mail to these addresses on these dates

Dates

from.....to.....
Address.....
.....

from.....to.....
Address.....
.....

from.....to.....
Address.....
.....

College.....
Subject.....
Final year.....

Send to: **Subscriptions Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EB**

SS5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEN BEHIND THE SAVAGE SUSPENSION

Jane Leighton investigates the private practice and high tech interests of Wendy Savage's critics

THIS WEEK, Wendy Savage, the consultant obstetrician who was suspended for alleged malpractice, received the highest honour her profession can bestow — the Fellowship of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. The irony of the award will not be lost on those campaigning for Savage's reinstatement.

The Savage suspension represents a bitter conflict within the London Hospital. Savage is committed to community maternity care based on women's needs. Her male colleagues adhere to high tech hospital services. The cases against her reflect a schism within the department over the stage at which a caesarean section should be carried out. Her opponents argue that Savage carries them out 'too late' according to modern obstetric practice. She has the lowest rate of caeserean sections in the hospital.

But Tower Hamlets Health Authority, which summarily suspended Savage without hearing her position, has failed to deal with other issues which have contributed to the crisis in the maternity services. They involve criticism of the obstetricians who initiated the investigation into Savage.

John Hartgill is a senior obstetrician at the London Hospital. For several years staff have complained to the hospital administration that Hartgill has not fulfilled his obligations to the NHS. In particular, critics say, his private practice commitments led him to delegate too much operating and clinical work to junior doctors. For a year Hartgill did not hold a NHS ante-natal clinic. His patients were seen in other consultants' clinics by his staff. He delivers under half the number of babies on the NHS that his colleagues do.

The Chair of Tower Hamlets Health Authority, Francis Cumberledge, was made aware of the criticism several years ago. He told critics he had discussed the matter of the clinic over dinner with Hartgill. Cumberledge told the *New Statesman* he had had 'working dinners' with Hartgill but was not aware of formal complaints against Hartgill. Cumberledge said he did not concern himself with the way clinics were run. This year, after the issue was raised at a meeting of the Health Authority in private session, Hartgill applied for an ante-natal clinic. He has now also been given responsibility for the ones formerly run by Wendy Savage.

Hartgill has frequently provided ante-natal care for some pregnant women in Tower Hamlets — in particular those who pay £400. Through his Harley Street practice he offers to supervise personally ante-natal care in the private wing of the London Hospital. Tests required during pregnancy are paid for by the NHS. The actual delivery is also on the NHS so Hartgill does not guarantee his presence. There is nothing illegal about this; merely an astute mix of NHS care and private practice where no NHS service is available.

This unusual service is also provided by another of Savage's colleagues, Trevor Beedham. He charges £350. 'It's nice for the woman and it cuts down NHS waiting lists,' said his Harley Street secretary.

The contrast with Savage is stark. She provided NHS ante-natal care at the hospital and at GPs' surgeries. Her aim was to improve the low take up of ante-natal services among the poor communities in Tower Hamlets district.

Medical News Group

Wendy Savage: carries out caesarean sections 'too late', say her male colleagues

The head of Wendy Savage's department is Professor Geddis Grudzinskas. Early this year the 40-year-old Australian asked the London Hospital Medical College for £100,000 to start an *in vitro* fertilisation (test-tube baby) unit. It would primarily serve private patients and thus be profitable for the college. An appraisal of the scheme by accountants Touche Ross has been sent to seven venture capital companies in the search for funds. So far, five have turned it down.

Grudzinskas has no experience in the field and college governors have not resolved a heated exchange on whether NHS patients should be used in the pilot period of the scheme. Grudzinskas refused to speak to the *New Statesman* about the proposals.

There was also friction between Savage and her colleagues over research work. Grudzinskas favours traditional laboratory research, while Savage's studies concentrate on the practice of obstetrics and gynaecology.

The role of Gordon Bourne in Wendy Savage's suspension also warrants closer attention. As the regional adviser on maternal mortality Bourne was called in to study the cases raised against Savage by the colleagues. His view was important in her suspension. Gordon Bourne sat on Savage's appointments board in 1977 and voted against her appointment as Senior Lecturer. His known view on maternity care is to deliver breech births by caesarean section as a matter of course. Three of the five complaints against Savage involved breech births and Savage's practice is to allow vaginal delivery if possible.

Bourne, who supported the appointment of Grudzinskas as Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in 1982, has recently retired from his senior consultant's post at St Bartholomew's Hospital. Since Bart's and the London Hospital share a joint academic department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Grudzinskas, Savage and Bourne sat together on the joint academic board of studies. The conflict in the division of Obstetrics was well known. Bourne declined to comment on his role in the case.

The QC-chaired inquiry which followed Savage's suspension is expected to report within a year and will cost £50,000. Privately, doctors and officers reveal that they believe the Health Authority was 'poorly advised' in taking the complaint through the formal procedure. They believe the case amounts to an internal disagreement on medical practice and that 'the men would have been satisfied' if she had admitted the error of her ways once she was suspended. Savage's solicitor says that she stands by the planned management of the cases in question. □

'IF THEY NEED US TO FIGHT AGAIN. . .'

Veronica Groocock asked miners' wives what they think of solidarity, the Labour Party and themselves

'WE'VE ALL BEEN Labour supporters because we're all working-class people... but most of us women have always sat back and said "Oh yes, we support the Labour Party" and done nothing about it, you know? Now, we *are* doing something about it. We're not sitting back any longer.'

'I'm not very good at organising, but I try to pitch in and do what I can... When I had my first giro — £16.30 to feed a family of four — I sat and looked at it and cried. Then it just sort of clicked: it was the *government* telling me "You nag your husband and get him back to work, or you are going to have to starve your kids". And there is no way on God's earth that any of us would see our kids or our husbands starve. And that's when all of us got up and started to fight.'

'No way have the miners lost, and if they need us to fight again for another year — or two, or three — we'll fight again.'

These three comments typified the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kathi Arkell/Network

South Wales miners' wives during the strike: 'We're different girls now'

determination and conviction of the women's support groups in the Maesteg area on the eve of the miners' return to work in March. It is a mood that has outlasted the end of the strike, despite a certain diminishing of numbers — mainly women whose husbands have opted for redundancy. The remaining women form a solid core of supporters who continue to meet (though fortnightly instead of daily) to monitor events and prepare for possible action. All are newly politicised and self-assured after a year's vigorous campaigning and to demonstrate the strength of their commitment, all have now joined the Labour Party.

The first women's support group in Wales (and one of the first in Britain as a whole) was set up in Maesteg in the early stages of the strike. Now known as a 'community support group' in line with its broader aims, it incorporates a fighting fund. The primary objective is to save St John's, the only remaining pit in the area — by petitioning, leafleting, demonstrations, lobbying MPs (a mass lobby of Parliament is planned shortly) — and, not least, bolstering the men's dwindling morale.

They have also been fundraising for a miner's baby daughter, who badly needs a liver transplant. The women have already raised several thousand pounds towards the cost of sending her to America for treatment. They have donated other sums — to the families of miners in prison, as well as to groups who supported them during the strike (e.g. pensioners, the local church).

Teresa Parry is a founder member of the original Maesteg women's group. She has two teenage sons, one at college, one in a factory, and a daughter who hopes to work abroad as a nanny. 'I was very quiet before the strike, not involved in anything, just an ordinary housewife. But since the strike, since we can see what this government has done, we're more determined than ever to stick behind the miners. We'll carry on fighting for the boys that have lost their jobs.

'I don't think this country *deserves* the miners after what we've been through... I told my husband not to go back to work. I cried my eyes out when I heard the result (of the vote). They should have hung on.'

In some ways, life is more pressurised than it was during the strike. Many families face giant debts as mortgage payments have been 'unfrozen' and other creditors' tolerance shows signs of waning 'We are worse off now, as we have to find every penny, bit by bit: rent, bills. We can't seem to catch up.'

Though bitterly disappointed at the numbers of men accepting redundancy payments, Teresa can well understand their predicament. 'The money is like a carrot to them. They owe so much. They just want to get out.'

And then there have been dirty tricks underground, tense, ugly scenes — 'victimisation' by officials and scabs, with management accusing miners of sabotaging equipment. It was happening all over the country. Her husband had been out on strike again because of it. The men were being blamed for everything, kicked in the teeth. The atmosphere underground was terrible, chaotic, with bad blood between miners, officials, NACODS men. She believes it could lead to another all-out strike and, if so, the women would be organised and ready, back on the picket lines, continuing where they left off last March.

She feels 'lost' even now, after the concentrated and energising actions of the previous 12 months. 'The Labour Party keeps me going! My husband's got no time for them. He reckons they let the miners down. He says we lost real bad. I tell him "We haven't lost". But he won't have it.'

REPERCUSSIONS of the strike have been wide ranging, individual casualties of the stresses of a year's collective struggle. One woman in Teresa's group is recovering from a heart attack, several marriages have come unstuck, the bills keep flooding in . . . Through it all the women have provided mutual support and solace. Before the strike, few of them knew one another, even those living in the same street.

Nesta Davies still runs a stall in the local market, selling jumble to raise money for the miners. How has the strike changed her? — 'Political awareness, friends . . . We're not alone. If one of us is in trouble, we help each other.'

Eirlys Furlong, who has six children and a husband coughing up dust, had gone to hear MP Ray Powell speak at Maesteg Town Hall on 1 May. He warned of the prospect of 58 per cent unemployment if the colliery closed.

'Everyone seems to think it's inevitable', she reflected sadly, adding her firm belief that the men should not have gone back without a proper agreement, and stressing the need to offer the maximum encouragement and support, the importance of 'talking to them, giving them our view, giving them courage to fight the management'.

She bears no ill will or resentment towards those women who have left the group. 'Over the last year we have given *everything* of ourselves, leaving our housework and families. Sometimes it's been really hard for them.' But she refuses to give in.

Readjusting to old routines after the strike, made her feel 'very isolated'. She had become so used to getting up at 5 am and going down to the OAPs' centre to help get the men's breakfasts. She was hardly ever at home.

ALL THE WOMEN agree that being involved in the Labour Party has heightened their perception of what is happening to them and around them. Women like Barbara Griffiths, who has two teenage sons. 'The strike has made us stronger, because we've really believed in what we fought for — and the mine gives *other* work: we're fighting for so many other people's jobs — in local banks, shops. If you'd seen our town a few years ago compared with what it is now . . . We've seen pits closed right down the valley.'

Most of the women agree that the strike had strengthened their relationship with their husbands. Barbara said: 'There's more of a closeness now. When I look back on those 12 months I'm mesmerised how we actually managed. But I knew that if I had to I would manage — and I think my husband feels the same.'

This mutual support ranged from the discussing of issues to the sharing of household chores. The women laughed, recalling how they'd been going out on picket duty while the men stayed at home doing the washing and ironing!

Now Barbara and her husband have partly reverted to their original routine, with most of the cooking and the cleaning falling to Barbara, despite her part-time job running a hairdressing salon. She notices the difference. Without such role sharing during the strike 'there's no way that any mother with children could have helped with the support groups as we did.'

THE WOMEN RESERVE their strongest verbal assault for the media ('Disgusting' . . . 'Filthy' . . . 'backing Thatcher up to the hilt . . .') and the police. Teresa recalled a bunch of officers at Cynheidra arrogantly waving their pay packets at the women. Some boasted: 'We'll be on the QE2 when this strike's over'. Another woman spoke of the police 'ripping the community apart, offering to take women to bed to pay for Christmas presents for their children . . . They treated us with contempt.'

Eirlys had seen such things happen during the strike that it had changed her whole personality. 'My husband thinks I've hardened my attitude, but I can't help it'.

The events of the strike have opened her eyes to other injustices: the plight of youngsters, teachers... It had made her think 'What can we do to help *them*?'

'It's made us so *aware* . . . We're just different girls, aren't we? We're just all different girls.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARTY POOPERS

The only thing that unites the politics of the 'hippies' beaten up by the police en route to Stonehenge is a rejection of 'politics'. Polly Woolley reports

'I'M NOT POLITICAL, see?' said the young man in the Amesbury car park. 'These parties, they're all the same.'

One young man with him, shocked, tried to argue, tentatively, the merits of the Labour Party. But he refused to be impressed and all around him, stretched out on the grassy bank, young people in their teens and early twenties, dressed in tee-shirts and jeans, several with exotic hair-styles or colour, nodded their agreement.

They wanted to have a festival at Stonehenge, and it was clear that 'They' were going to stop them. 'They' are the powers that be, the Establishment, the Police, the political parties who have swopped places occasionally throughout the years when these people were growing up, and as far as the people in the Amesbury car park can see, it had not made the slightest difference. We still have vivisection, right? And nuclear weapons? And there are still Hooray Henrys going about with their champagne bottles... there are still the rich to despise the poor, and the poor to loathe the rich. For the generation coming of age in the '80s, conventional politics have failed to change anything. Their solution is to reject conventional politics.

In this they seem to differ from previous generations whose rejection of party politics led them into committed political parties in the '30s and again in the '60s. From there it was possible to gradually drift back into the conventional groups: young fascists in the '30s could become staunch Conservatives, while young communists integrated with Labour. Labour too has become the home for many of the '60s generation of Left party-joiners.

The group in the car park represent what is, if not a completely new phenomenon, then certainly a growing one. These young people are involved in intense political activism, but it is associated with a variety of issues rather than a coherent political grouping. Under these individual issues they may wear a variety of names, but they remain apart in spite of it. They are strongly into animal rights, many being vegetarians or even vegans. They are also supporters of the peace movement and frequently involved in the actions at bases and setting up peace camps as can be seen from the camps' loosely anarchic social structure.

However, as a whole, they are very definitely *not* interested in CND as an organisation which seems far too middle-of-the-road and bureaucratic for them. Their philosophy does not appear to be random, if at times a little crude. The 'fuck the fascist pigs' passages in their magazines are spaced out by some interestingly argued political pieces. For example, during the miners' strike, although many anarchists supported the miners and joined them on picket lines, a London-based magazine, *Socialist Opportunist*, argued that anarchists should be chary of supporting the miners who were, it suggested, an inherently sexist group and whose aim of keeping pits open was in direct contradiction to the 'green' energy views of true anarchists.

THESE MAGAZINES are the mouthpieces of the small anarchic groupings around the country. The Anarchist Bookshop (raided almost as frequently as Gay's the Word) stocks a wide range of them, but many can be picked up in leftish, greenish bookshops in large towns or at pop festivals. Apart from established nationwide publications like *The Black Flag*, there are myriad small magazines that closely resemble the 'fanzines' produced all over the country. They include *Socialist Opportunist* in London, *Between the Lines* in Oxford, *Knee Deep in Shit* in Derby and *Poison Pen* in Hastings.

They are published irregularly, largely as and if their editors have money. Though they have similarities of form, each has its favourite issue: *Poison Pen* is very hot on animal liberation, with accounts of different demos and horrific facts about factory farming (I still feel queasy at their account of how chickens are slaughtered). *Between the Lines* contains more on the Peace Movement, *Socialist Opportunist* kept its readers up-to-date with the Patrick Harrington affair at the North London Polytechnic. One of its contributors gave a brief account of his imprisonment over the issue.

ALL THIS, HOWEVER, is to a large extent completely peaceful. Now a new type of magazine is coming out, rather well-produced, with a more sinister message. The most notorious of this breed is *Class War*, which actually has a group of people who loosely associate themselves with this name and who sprang to brief media fame by spitting at Joan Ruddock during the Molesworth demonstration. Another of this type, *Virus*, recommends some hints for 'Class War Demonstrators' which include: 'In the dark (so you won't be too easily identified) try using artillery. Catapults can be bought from sports shops and are useful for hit and run attacks.'

Attacking 'guilty' humans is one thing; their advice on attacking innocent animals is likely to make the paper repugnant to the vast majority of anarchists: 'A sharp point up a horse's bum can render it totally uncontrollable. Similarly, in tight situations, pigs can be pulled off horses... Marbles thrown under a horse's hooves makes it (temporarily) uncontrollable.'

The latest issue of *Class War* also contains a short article urging more constructive hooliganism at football matches, offering its readers a distinction between forms of violence that would be obliterated in practice:

> Every time you crack someone who's exactly the same as you, except they support the other team, you might as well be kicking yourself in the head, because you're only doing their fucking job for them. The only time the working class has ever achieved anything is when we've stuck together, and taken what we need off the rich scum. There's some brilliant things that happen at football, like rucking the police and looting from shops, but it's time to go a step further, like thieving off the rich instead of each other, hitting the bastards where it really hurts.

Crass politics?

'And ever more came out of that same door wherein I went' . . .

This was the plaint of a man who could not escape the common round of conventional answers to his questions. Perhaps he was stuck in beliefs — maybe even sacred ones — but he was stuck. Is there no way out?

Perhaps; if you would like to see, write to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bradford disaster is written up in the same issue, with scathing comments on the locked turnstiles: 'For the fucking rich bastards who run the club the existence of a fire trap was far more preferable than losing a few pounds in gate receipts.'

THIS NEW (or perhaps old) violent breed of anarchist was on show on Saturday when the police blocked the A303 at the Park House crossroads near Amesbury, and the convoy of people intending to go to Stonehenge drove into a field beside the road. It was a group of very angry frustrated people in the field who punctuated the throwing of stones, sticks and bottles filled with petrol with shouts of, 'Why don't you leave us ALONE? We just want to have some PEACE!', too upset to see that the sticks and stones meant the police had to see them crushed or be seen to lose.

But the vast majority of the people *were* peaceful and, in many cases, upset by what was happening. One woman pulled a young boy back from the crowd of missile throwers at the gate and began to scold him. 'Don't do that. You'll make the police come in and trash our vans, and I've got a baby asleep.' Others began to call journalists to the fence to talk to them, where life-styles clashed, what one woman called the 'Never-mind-the-politics-how-do-you-wash-the-nappies syndrome'.

Then the journalists were firmly herded away 'For your own protection,' said Robert Kee, the local MP blandly, and the police went in. One man came out with blood pouring down his face, but the majority seemed dazed, dejected and sullenly resentful. They stood in a long line like hopeless refugees, waiting to be packed off in police vans. Kim Sabido, who had got an ITN crew into the field and filmed the police smashing the windows of coaches and placing their feet on people lying flat on the ground, came down the lane shouting, 'There'll be an enquiry in Parliament about this, you'll see!' which raised a feeble cheer, but to most of those under arrest both the words and the concepts behind them of justice, redress and equality before the law seemed meaningless. One of the young men I had been talking to earlier was pushed past me, his arm pushed up behind his back by a member of the Police Special Unit. He recognised me and shouted, 'Tell them we wanted to go peaceful! Tell them we wanted to be peaceful!'

And indeed most of them do, but as time progresses the situations become uglier, the resentment grows and the violence follows. Suggestions for disrupting the Henley Regetta take up the whole back page of *Class War*, and doubtless some will try it. Nor, I suspect, have we heard the last of people trying to get to Stonehenge. The weekend of the solstice will provide the police with yet more headaches.

Many of these young people are politically concerned and wholly alienated from our society. Labour, the traditional party of social conscience,or even the Liberals (a more modern version with trendy grassroots overtones) are anathema to them, with the rules and party structure. They will talk to the Conservative Robert Kee with as much readiness as they will talk to Labour MPs or anyone else who will listen for they have a missionary zeal although one senses, in their heart of hearts, a despair that it really is not worth it. □

TAMIL REFUGEES

POLICY BY PARANOIA

The Home Office accuses Tamils of abusing refugee status. Amrit Wilson exposes the lie

IN THE LAST few weeks, France and Germany have offered asylum to 19,000 and 20,000 Tamil refugees respectively from Sri Lanka. Britain has received about 2,000.

Last week two new immigration rules were introduced without reference to parliament aimed at keeping Tamil refugees out of Britain. The first requires all Sri Lankan citizens to have a visa before they can enter Britain. Never before has such a requirement been placed on the citizens of a Commonwealth country. It ensures that anyone trying to flee the country would draw the attention of the regime.

The second rule cuts to 24 hours the time within which an MP can appeal on behalf of those refused admission. After a 'stop' is put on a deportation by telephone, an MP usually has about a week to make a written appeal. The British government will not risk upsetting President Jayawardene.

Home Secretary Leon Brittan declared these steps were being taken to 'protect the interests of individuals who might otherwise be kept longer than necessary in less than satisfactory conditions at immigration detention centres'. According to many refugees the most distressing aspect of arrival in Britain was the racism of the British immigration authorities.

Most people, some with young children, were made to wait 10-12 hours without food or water in the Immigration Hall at Heathrow. The lucky ones were sent on to temporary accommodation in hostels or with relatives. Of the rest, families were taken to Harmondsworth detention centre and single men to Ashford Remand Centre where, having fled from the horrors they had experienced in Sri Lanka, they were treated like criminals. At least one group of 41 refugees from a British Airways flight on 13 May was actually taken to Ashford in handcuffs.

Most of the 2,000 refugees who have entered Britain are still in these various places waiting to know whether Britain will accept them as refugees. Although the official criteria include 'a well-founded fear of persecution' in practice they vary according to the person's race and the politics of the country they are fleeing from. A Home Office official has been quoted as saying that only 1 per cent of the 2,000 are likely to be eligible.

For one young refugee from northern Sri Lanka, 'convincing the officials here seems impossibly difficult. Each one of us has lost close relatives and friends, we have had our houses burnt and at every stop on our way from Jaffna to Colombo we have seen half burnt mutilated bodies of our people. But all this isn't enough.' Sinnapen Maharasingham of the Tamil Action Committee, which is handling

A subscription guarantees your New Statesman anywhere in the world at less than shop prices*

Simply complete the form below and return with your payment to:
Subscriptions Dept
New Statesman
FREEPOST
14-16 Farringdon Lane
LONDON EC1R 3AU
(No stamp needed if posted in the UK)

Name.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS)

Address.....

.....

.....**Postcode**.....

Telephone.....

**outside Europe applies to airspeed rates only*

Annual rates

(6 & 3-month subscriptions pro rata)

UK & Eire	£37.00	
	Airspeed	**Airmail**
Europe	—	£41.00
USA	US$62.00	US$83.00
Canada	Can$72.00	Can$97.00
Rest of the world	£41.00	£52.00

PLEASE NOTE: Payment can only be accepted by Sterling, US or Canadian Dollar cheques or by International Money Order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about 200 cases, says that not one of the cases he has heard of is an 'economic refugee' as the Home Office claims. 'They are refugees from a consistent pattern of repression in which Britain is deeply and directly involved because of the arms it sells to Sri Lanka and the training provided by so-called 'ex'-SAS men to the Sri Lankan army'.

Most of last week's arrivals were young men from the north of the country. The experiences of Gerald Joseph, a Christian Tamil, are typical. He was kidnapped last October from Jaffna and held in an army camp for two weeks. He was beaten up and witnessed torture, killings and the use of drugs to force confessions. Since his release he has faced constant harassment for no apparent reason.

Nochulebbe Mahroof is a Muslim Tamil from eastern Sri Lanka who is hoping for refugee status. The Sri Lankan government claims his community is being attacked by Tamil guerrillas and protected by the army. But Mahroof claims that Sri Lankan army commandos, trained by the Mossad, Israel's secret service, are 'taking revenge' on the Muslims of two large villages, Akkarapattu and Katangudi. Muslims there protested last spring against Israel's involvement in Sri Lanka. In Akkarapattu on 17 April this year the commandos rounded up young Tamil Hindus, shot dead 14 of them and burnt alive another 22. The commandos then kidnapped a number of youths from the Muslim minority, tortured them and threatened to kill them if they did not burn specified Tamil homes. In the already tense atmosphere this was enough to light the spark of communal violence. In Katangudi, and the area around it, similar methods were used. The resulting communal violence destroyed the local economy, which has depended on co-operation between Hindus, Muslims and the small Christian minority.

Now, says Mahroof, people are starving and stealing from each other in a breakdown of the community. Mahroof tells of 45 people in his village — close friends and relatives of his — who were kidnapped and have disappeared. He thinks as a prominent member of his community he was next. Whether he'll qualify as a refugee remains to be seen. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□ Proximity to the developing cruise missile base at Molesworth is being used as a selling point for a country pub. Ekins, the Huntingdon-based estate agents, have put the White Hart at Bythorn on the market for £85,000. For prospective purchasers who are concerned about a nuclear Armageddon, the White Hart, standing in two acres with out-buildings, paddock, and car park, there is also a 'spacious' cellar. — *Cambridge Evening News* (R. Clarke)

□ A farmer has been told that he may keep a barn he built without planning permission, provided he sprays it with diluted cow manure. Surrey Health District Council said the planning condition had been recommended to make new farm buildings fit in with their country surroundings. — *The Times* (G. R. Thomas)

Shock horror! no probes

Anne Karpf

TO BE BLUNT about it, outside these pages, whatever happened to investigative journalism? Certainly it was never the dominant British journalistic form, but at least, a decade ago, we had 'World in Action' vying with the *Sunday Times* Insight Team competing with *Private Eye*, and various other exposers of official and corporate skulduggery. Today, aside from the estimable work of Duncan Campbell, and sometimes David Leigh in the *Observer* and Paul Foot, investigative reporting seems dead, displaced by bingo and Portfolio, and editorial obeisance to political orthodoxy. The costs and risks are too great.

For today's investigative journalism, we have to turn to the United States, where muckraking is a venerable tradition. The Center for Investigative Reporting in San Francisco is one of those descendants of the 1960s anti-war/civil rights movements, which belies the media-confected view that all former activists are now selling insurance or personal-growth, born-again Yuppies.

It was founded in 1977 in the afterglow of Watergate, when Woodward-Bernstein made investigative reporting a respectable genre once more. With a staff of 25 (some of them 'interns' they train), in San Francisco and Washington, they produce articles for some 50-60 different newspapers and magazines, from *Playgirl* to the *Washington Post*, the *Readers' Digest* to *Der Spiegel*. They work regularly for CBS's networked investigative TV series '60 Minutes', and for all three US TV and radio networks, as well as for the cable stations, PBS (the Public Broadcasting System), and local TV stations. And their staff average a book a year.

The Center has pieced together stories on the global marketing and use of pesticides, the corporate transformation of agribusiness, the dismantling of the environmental regulatory agency, and the plutonium economy. They've revealed the way the New Right is covertly funding parts of the media, and delved into Reagan's finances. They've probed the Teamsters, and investigated the dubious motives of Werner Erhard (of the est movement) in promoting the noble-sounding Hunger Project. Some of their most impressive and award-winning pieces are gathered together in an exciting book, *Raising Hell: How the Center for Investigative Reporting Gets the Story* (Addison-Wesley) which also relates the story behind the story. Even the most sedentary reader will thrill to the scent of the chase.

They operate (non-profit) on a $500,000 budget, half earned income, half Foundation grants (50 in all). This secures complete editorial independence. They divide their work into projects, currently Natural Resources, Women in the '80s, Human Rights and Public Trusts, and this also makes applying for grants easier.

They challenge the image of the lone news hound, sniffing out misdemeanours in spendid isolation. They work in teams, aggregating experience and skills. It's 'fact-intensive' work, and slow too: they pride themselves on their accuracy. Few commercial media organisations could — or would — afford an investigation which can last over six months, and can cost $10,000.

Their stories use the narrative style, and open with a classic 'human interest' bang: On June 7, 1985, Fred Bloggs opened his office door and was surprised. . . . . Although they deny any homogeneous political ideology — they've exposed Black Panther Huey Newton's involvement with violent crime — Executive Director David Weir believes a common aim of their work is to show 'how power works in our society: where the sources of power are, and how it's abused. You don't find much power among poor people, so we don't do stories about a poor black woman on welfare driving a Cadillac — the way TV and radio usually take cheap shots. Investigative reporting should be redundant — *all* reporters should go out and probe and dig. But they get dependent on local sources they have to take care of'.

The Center also fights against secrecy in public issues, but what are the effects of their work? They're street-wise enough to know that, *pace* 'Woodstein', journalists don't topple governments or wreak major political changes. And, though they permit themselves the odd *folie de grandeur* (they believe their stories will help to bring down El Salvador's Robert D'Aubisson), they see reporting as only accomplishing limited changes, and being a reform-oriented process. Still, their research has helped launch an international anti-pesticide alliance.

But isn't there a danger of 'Bad Applism', the tendency of investigative reporting to imply that these rotten apples are odd instances of corruption, but the rest of the bunch is clean? Can't investigative journalism be profoundly conservative? Says co-founder Dan Noyes, 'That isn't the reporting we do. We do stories about how the system works, not how it doesn't work'.

There isn't a Center for Investigative Reporting in Britain (though Duncan Campbell is one of their associates). Why not? Partly for historical reasons (we lack their tradition), partly financial ones: there are fewer charitable foundations here, and many would retreat aghast from funding this kind of 'political' journalism. We also lack that confidence that journalism can and should assert its own independent role in exposing how power operates. Can we learn from the American experience? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

I welcome the continent's indefinite ban on English football. From now on the wops and the frogs can tell us when we are civilized, not the other way around. For the extent of the slaughter in Brussels seems finally to have broken the preposterous self-image of official England: that this is a thoughtful, kind and decent land. It isn't — certainly it hasn't been for some time. For sure the way crowds of young, working-class men drink themselves up into a mob is an expression of a deeper disintegration and impotence. It is the collapse of the general infrastructure and the celebration of tough, brutal realism, not the unemployed themselves, that lies behind the need to make some mark however violent. The significance of National Front involvement is not that fascists were responsible but that fascism does indeed breed off economic decline and the sense that any protest is to be preferred to despair. Nor is it just a matter of football violence. The recent outbreak of Legionnaires' disease was apparently a result — at least in part — of the NHS cuts. Would the Bradford fire have occurred if the town had not been so completely without money? The accumulation of rubbish and general shittiness under the doomed stand was a symbol of its surrounding poverty. Last weekend even Stonehenge became the scene of wanton police ferocity. According to Thatcher, 'These violent people must be isolated from our society'. She did not mean herself or the police. Yet she and her talk are evidently part of the problem. So is Parliament. The Falklands debate was decisive, in my view, when Foot ranted on about it being time for deeds, when Powell urged the Prime Minister to show her true mettle and when Bernard Braine became apoplectic: 'the Englishman's blood boils' at the effrontery in the South Atlantic, he bellowed. It was the official end of English *sang froid* and the moment when our present 'mob rule' began. The pestilence, the inferno, the blind drunkenness... if these are to be expunged their source is the House of Commons.

○

What is to be done about it (I mean football violence not Parliament)? Doubtless Thatcher wants identity cards for soccer fans as she wants compulsory identification anyway to control the enemy within, such as those who enjoy 'Islander'. Apart from banning alcohol before and during matches, and investing in stadiums so that they have seats, a positive solution would be to insist that half of all football crowds are women. I floated the idea across the lunch table at the weekend. All agreed that the riots were a form of macho tribalism. But how could an equal presence of women be enforced? If men took along women under duress this might intensify domestic violence and sexist oppression, and what would a crowd be like if half of it was composed of Mrs Thatchers? Reluctantly I backed away from the idea. But at least my solution *could* be applied to the Commons: no alcohol, sexual parity and proper desks, what a transformation that would be!

○

The day after seeing the blood-curdling scenes from Brussels on television I went to hear Linda Colley give the annual *Past & Present* lecture, on class and the rise of British nationalism between 1750 and 1830. It was sparsely attended, almost entirely by historians it seemed. Yet the issues she addressed are very important for the Left. Colley argues that the crucial period which saw E.P. Thompson's 'making of the working class' was really a period of radical patriotism, similar to that in France and America. The ruling oligarchy feared the consequences of national citizenship. Patriotism was not an instrument of reactionary control and incorporation of class demands, instead it was the landed elite which sought and found refuge in a language of class rather than endorse the symbols of nationhood. Colley may have overstated her argument, but it seems to me that she's more right than wrong. Her case provides an historical basis for the SDP/Eurocommunist dream of a progressive British nationalism. But it looks as if it's too late. Soccer hooliganism lays claim to the Cross of Saint George — to Englishness not Britishness.

○

One of the few advantages of having my family in America is that I get a supply of weird and wonderful cuttings. An issue exercising the US press at the moment is the privatization of — even in the land of Thatcher I guarantee your eyebrows will rise — jails. There are now about two dozen US 'correctional institutions' run by private companies. The main saving is to get around the cost of staff pensions. But the argument rages in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The county jail is in private hands, and the county pays a fixed fee per prisoner. The jail population has increased much faster than predicted (I wonder why) but naturally jail costs do not rise proportionately as basic overheads remain the same. Thus the county is paying out $200,000 a year more than it would have if it had continued to run the prison itself. That's free enterprise.

○

I interrupted this diary to flick through Monday's *Guardian* over coffee. I was about to write about Waldemar Januszczak's uncontrolled assault on the Shapinsky showing. Even if Shapinsky is just 'good but not great' as Januszczak says — and it's a judgment with which I agree — he was still discovered, and by an Indian. Those who grovel before Saatchi should not sound off against hype. But I cut short these thoughts as I couldn't help laughing at the huge interview with Jim 'Bones' Callaghan. He tells Terry Coleman that when Prime Minister 'I leaned towards being honest'. From what position on the spectrum of truthfulness did he so lean? It reminded me of one of the funniest remarks about contemporary Labour politics I've seen in print. It comes in Parviz Radji's account of being the Shah of Iran's ambassador in London: *In the Service of the Peacock Throne*. To understand it you need to know that Callaghan was a long-time representative of the Police Federation. Lady Falkender, when still, I think, Harold Wilson's political secretary, dined at the Embassy in February 1978. The conversation got round to the forthcoming Prime Minister. Radji writes: 'She referred to Callaghan as a "bent copper".' Perhaps Callaghan should have told Coleman that he bends towards honesty! Come off it Jim, at the very least tell us the truth about Harold...

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Farewell to welfare

'By raiding the poor to finance tax cuts for the better off, the government has stood Beveridge on its head.' — Guardian

Oh, come on, these overdue changes
Aren't nearly as bad as you think,
Provided you're not on a pension
Or watching the *Jolly Job* sink —
So do have a swig at this Beveridge,
And try not to cry when you drink.

What's that? These proposals are rubbish?
You say they are fit for the fire?
Oh, very well, light the green paper,
Go privately when you retire,
But most of all, praise Mr Fowler
And laugh when he sounds like a liar.

Ignore every creature like Meacher,
So rabidly raising a storm:
There's only so much in the kitty
And no point in knocking our Norm.
Admire him for screwing the people
And calling it social reform.

I grant you it takes a strong stomach,
You've got to be terribly brave
To batter the old and the helpless —
But think of the money you save.
Oh, got enough time for another,
While Beveridge turns in his grave?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUCCESS MAKES FOR SHAKE-UP

Yiannis Roubatis looks at how Papandreou has sailed into a second term and what he might do

Athens

THE SOCIALIST victory in one of the countrys most bitterly fought but peaceful post-war elections is perhaps the most important policital development in Greece in the last 40 years. In winning this election the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) led by Dr Andreas Papandreou now has a chance to do what the Left has not been able to accomplish since the end of the civil war in Greece: gain control of the state bureaucracy which has until now been in the hands of the Right and use it to carry out major reforms rather than being a dead weight at the heart of political life.

At the same time, the socialist success will force both the conservative Right and the communist Left to re-evaluate and re-direct their policies. It is now highly probable that the right-wing party New Democracy will undergo a series of internal convulsions which may lead to the creation of a number of new parties. The conservatives will at the very least attempt to find a new leader — the third in the last four years — who may guide them back to the lost paradise.

On the other end of the political spectrum, the communist Left and especially Greece's main Communist Party (KKE) might also undergo internal changes. The failure of the party to win at least 10 per cent of the votes cast will now force it to be only one of a number of the political groups in the Greek parliament. According to parliamentary rules and procedures this would put it on an almost equal footing with its arch rival, the Communist Party-Interior, Greece's tiny Eurocommunist party, which has managed to get its leader elected to parliament.

KKE's disappointing performance with 9.89 per cent of the vote and 13 seats, eliminates any possibility that the party could play a decisive role in the political developments in Greece in the next few years. At best, Greece's major communist party will from now on only be able to influence parts of the trade union movement. And even in this area, its power will be curtailed by the fact that the communist trade unionists will now be able to achieve results only through negative actions, such as strikes and walk-outs, and not through 'constructive policies' which can only be arrived at by co-operation with the socialist unions that are the major voice in Greece's trade union movement.

THE CLEAR majority for the socialists has led to one other important development. It has removed the former president of the country, Mr Konstantine Karamanlis, from the position of broker in Greece's politics. Karamanlis, who two days before the elections attempted to intervene on behalf of the Right by issuing a statement against PASOK, has once again been reduced to his traditional role. He is now no more than a leader of the Right and not necessarily the most important one.

AP

Papandreou: what was behind his unexpectedly decisive victory?

The question, of course, is why the socialists scored such a triumph in last Sunday's general election by winning 45.82 per cent of the votes and 161 seats in the 300-member parliament. The results indicate that the Greek electorate was unconcerned about the 'dire developments' predicted by the conservatives and their friends abroad if the socialists were re-elected for a new four-year term. Their predictions were mainly vague warnings of economic chaos and, interestingly, they shied off a public debate about Papandreou's controversial foreign policy.

During the pre-election campaign the main issues of voter concern were those Papandreou called 'issues of daily life': the economy, growing unemployment, the double digit inflation. Foreign policy did not become an issue in the campaign. In fact, it was barely mentioned in the major speeches given by the leaders of the two main parties.

Papandreou also managed to woo a 'forgotten generation'. In city after city and village after village during the campaign, reporters that followed the premier became witness to the effect on the country of the socialists' efforts to end the divisions spawned by the civil war by passing a law recognising the resistance groups who had fought the German occupying forces in World War II. These groups had been persecuted during the period that the Right was in power after the mid-forties. A whole generation of people can now see that their efforts on behalf of the country had not gone in vain. These people rejected the attacks made on PASOK by the communist Left, attacks which centered on PASOK's 'right-wing policies'.

WAVERING VOTERS may also have been struck by the stridency of the pre-election campaign fought by the conservatives. Seeing that four more years of PASOK could lead to their losing for a long time their access to the armed forces and the police, the civil service and the governmental machine in general, the conservatives' campaign became increasingly ugly.

Although the leaders of New Democracy denied any intentions of revenge, the lower level officials and cadres of the party left no doubt what would happen if they returned to power.

Voters considering supporting the communists were obviously worried that if they split the vote for the Left and a Right government came to power, there would once again be reprisals against left-wing activists. Communist leaders tried to reassure them that this would not be the case, but were evidently not believed, as the communists lost a lot of votes to PASOK.

A further interesting development in this election was the failure of the Conservative Party to attract any sizeable centrist vote. The conservatives, hoping to net the centre votes, included in their candidates' lists some former 'big name' centrist politicians who in the past were among the most strident critics of the Right. This trick did not wash with the Greek voters. The result is that they have been elected with the right-wing votes and the Conservative Party is stuck with them.

A second term in power for the socialists will of course have repercussions not only within Greece but also outside the country. Soon after the outcome became apparent, American diplomats in Athens and US officials began making 'friendly noises' in the hope that these would be seen as such by Papandreou. White House and State Department officials indicated that their government wanted the 'best possible relationship with the Greek government', President Reagan was one of the first foreign leaders to send congratulations to Papandreou on his re-election. This is a significant change from the very recent past.

For his part, Papandreou has indicated that if Greece's allies finally see its point of view, they can expect 'calmer seas'. For this to happen, however, the Americans and NATO will have to adopt a more even-handed approach to the problems in the area of the eastern Mediterranean. US and NATO policies will have to take into account Greek concerns about Turkish expansionist policies in the region. Moves will also have to be made to solve the Cyprus issue without legalising the Turkish invasion of the island. Conservative governments in NATO which were hoping that these problems would disappear with a demise of Papandreou's popularity at the ballot box will now perhaps be grudgingly forced to resume negotiations with the socialist premier. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVING AWAY THE PLO

Claudia Wright finds there may be a Soviet twist to the King Hussein tale

Washington

WHEN KING Hussein of Jordan first met President Reagan in 1981, the King was shocked at how simple-minded and ignorant the President was on Middle Eastern issues. He had dealt with six of Reagan's predecessors, he confided to a member of his entourage after the White House meeting, but none was as unprepared for his role as Reagan.

Four years have lapsed and most of the shock has worn off; the King was back in Washington a few days ago. Reagan was still at sea, taking refuge in his deafness for fumbling his lines at the departure ceremony. US officials who briefed the press were also confused in their attempts to characterise what the King's talks had achieved, if anything, towards a settlement of the Palestine problem. But the King and his ministers insisted on striking a freshly hopeful pose. Given the extraordinary concessions the Jordanians have made, and the equally remarkable scenario US officials are projecting over the next three months of a rapprochement between Israel and the Soviet Union, they have no choice but to remain in hopeful silence.

Historically, King Hussein has depended on varying degrees of agreement from the Israeli government, allowing him to remain on his throne so long as he prevented the Palestinian population under his control from waging guerrilla war across the border. The British and the US meanwhile served as the King's ultimate guarantors. Although not offering protection against Israel, they have armed and trained the royal forces to guard against internal challenges, and to give Hussein a limited degree of manoeuvre along his borders with Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq. The Saudis have underwritten his oil bill and a large part of his military expenses.

The extent of his dependency has made the King a relatively weak and secondary figure within the Arab League; the record of his dealings with Israel and the Palestinians has provoked Palestinian distrust and a widely held Arab view that the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) should represent Palestinian interests, not the King of Jordan.

SINCE THE Reagan Administration came to power, American and Israeli policy has aimed jointly at destroying the PLO and forcing Jordan into direct talks with Israel to legalise the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. In their division of roles Israel took the military initiative while the US supplied the arms and money, and looked the other way.

When the war of 1982 not only failed to eliminate the PLO but backfired by weakening Israel and strengthening Syria, the only way of saving the West Bank strategy was to put pressure on King Hussein to push the PLO aside. This time Israel is threatening to destabilize Jordan by expelling the Palestinians from the occupied territories to the Jordanian East Bank. The pro-Israel bloc in the US Congress has slowly cut off the supply of arms to Jordan until the King agrees to negotiate with Israel, making the King's position unbearable.

His solution has been to make concessions appear to be initiatives, retreat look like attack. The 11 February accord with Yasser Arafat set out the terms which the Americans and Israelis had demanded — no PLO representation in negotiations with Israel, no Palestinian state, no change in the territorial status quo in the West Bank and Gaza — but in language that Arafat and the PLO could interpret less disagreeably.

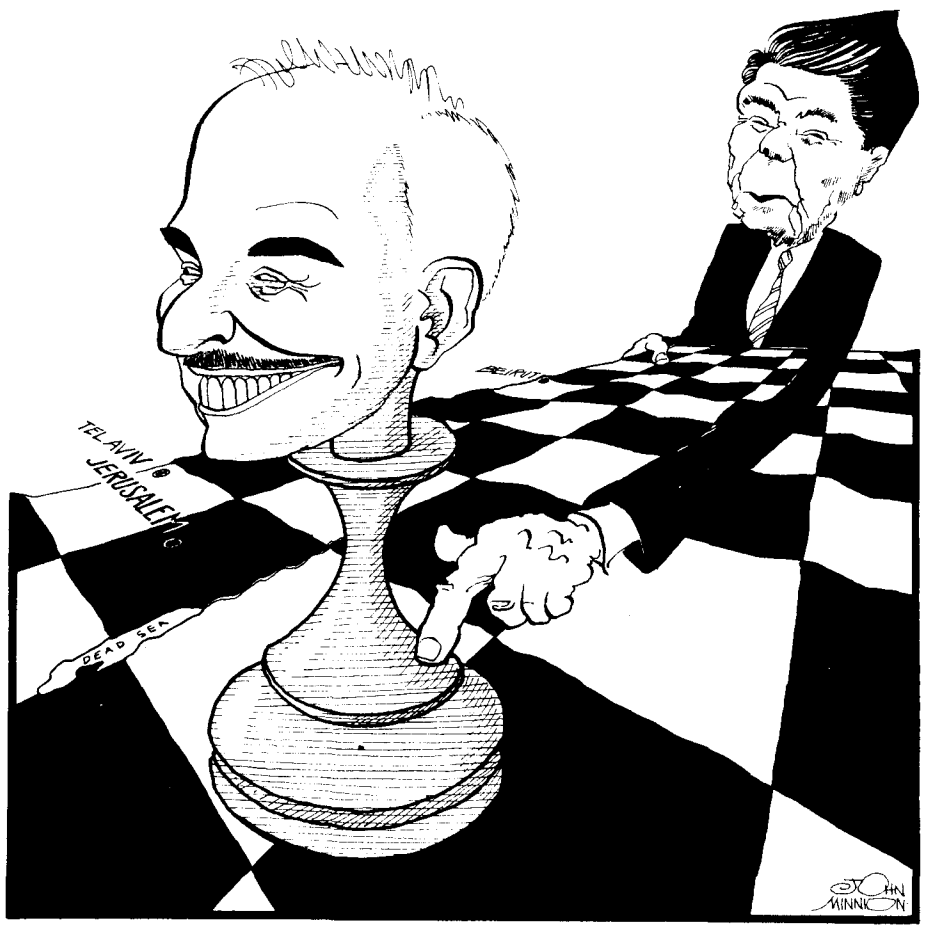
A formula for a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation to open talks with the US, as a preliminary to talks with Israel, offered the PLO its 'representation' — plus 'recognition' from the US — at the same time as it kept those whom the Americans and Israelis define as the 'real' PLO out of the limelight. However, Hussein's diplomacy has been hindered by the Secretary of State George Schultz's phobia about Arab guile. He will not allow any room for Arafat to claim the PLO has extracted either 'representation' or 'recognition' from Washington.

By the time the King reached Washington, he had devised two new concessions to satisfy the Americans. One was to differentiate between the Palestinian delegates he was asking the Administration to receive, and a different, even more pliable group who would undertake direct talks with Israel.

The second Jordanian concession was to propose a form of consultation with the five UN Security Council members to satisfy PLO and other Arab demands for an 'international conference' (which would nevertheless exclude Syria, neutralise the Soviet Union, and strip the format of genuine negotiating substance). There are conflicting contentions on this point. The Jordanian foreign minister, Taher Al-Masri, insists that Jordan's idea of an international conference does not go that far, and does not exclude Syria. When he said this to the Soviet foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, at an unpublicised meeting in Moscow on 27 May, Gromyko said he was unconvinced. Together, these concessions provided a theatrical prop for a charade.

THIS STILL wasn't enough for the Israelis or the Reagan Administration. But the muddle among US officials over what to say about the Hussein proposals stemmed from their reluctance to explain what more they wanted, without exposing the entire charade, embarrassing the King, and ending Arafat's willingness to play along. They settled therefore on praising the King, and demanding that Arafat publicly concede what the King has said on his behalf, that is, that the PLO chair endorse UN Security Council resolutions 242 and 338, and renounce terrorism.

If he refuses, the Americans will press Hussein to abandon his carefully contrived formulas and negotiate directly with Israel, without further regard for the PLO. At that point, Israel would press Jordan into agreeing to legalise the status of the so-called occupied territories. If Arafat accepts, the Americans expect that to provoke further internal splitting in the PLO and within the Fatah executive. With Arafat nobbled, the US would put



John Minnion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure on Hussein to act alone.

These calculations are recognized by all the players, and have led a number of senior Jordanian officials to question whether it serves the King's political survival to concede so much. One of the sceptics was Jordan's ambassador to Washington, Ibrahim Ezzedin. For months he had reported the inflexibility of the Administration on the conditions for talks with Israel, and the intransigence of the Congress in maintaining an arms embargo until Jordan accepted them. He advised the King not to make his Washington visit.

Ezzedin's assessment clashed directly with the American lobbyists his government has taken on to deal with Congress, and with the representatives themselves. They told the State Department and Ezzedin's superiors in Amman the ambassador was an 'obstructionist' — if he was out of the way, they implied, Jordan's troubles on Capitol Hill might be resolved. Early in May, just before Shultz met the King in Jordan, Ezzedin was dismissed.

Mohammed Kamal, a Palestinian-born replacement without diplomatic experience, was hastily rushed to the White House to present his credentials just before the King arrived. The concession Ezzedin had strongly urged the King to refuse could now be granted — Hussein agreed to meet a delegation of US Jewish leaders at his Washington hotel on 31 May. Jordan's lobbyists favoured the meeting because they thought it would soften opposition to Jordan in Congress; Ezzedin opposed it because he believed it would encourage pressure for more Jordanian concessions, and have no impact on Congress.

In the short run Ezzedin is right. Congressional supporters of the arms embargo have not changed their minds after meeting with Hussein. They also anticipate little prospect of additional US economic assistance for Jordan in the budget for this year or next. However, Administration officials are more optimistic. They intimate that an unusual sequence of still secret moves will produce a dramatic negotiating breakthrough by September. This is expected to then relieve the pressure on Jordan from Congress.

US officials believe that after months of discreet negotiations in Moscow, the Soviet Union is on the point of agreeing to resume the diplomatic relations with Israel that were broken off in 1967. Israeli officials have been signalling their desire for resumption of relations for some time; they would be delighted to drive a wedge between Moscow and its various Arab allies, including Syria. But the Soviets have publicly stuck to the position that nothing has changed in the Middle East to warrant a change of policy on their part.

US embassy officials have been acting as the intermediaries between Israel and the Soviet foreign ministry — with the same motive as the Israelis. US officials say they are now close to a deal. If the Soviets take this initiative, they say, Israel and the US would lift their opposition to the formula for an international conference that Hussein has been proposing. As negotiations begin, US officials hope to announce also the resumption of ambassadorial links between Egypt and Israel — suspended since the Lebanon war — and to propose to Congress a package of arms sales to Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Israel. US officials hope that by pulling off this *coup* they could persuade Congress to lift the embargo on arms to Jordan and Saudi.

Rumours of a secret Israeli-Soviet deal have appeared in the Israeli press from time to time, mostly to sow trouble between the Soviets and their Arab allies. For the first time, however, US officials also are hinting at it. But nothing the Jordanians have so far revealed about their contacts with the Soviets suggest there has been any change in Soviet policy. And it may be purely wishful thinking for one all-important clue in the American scenario is missing. What motive would the Soviets have for reversing their policy towards Israel, isolating Syria, and lending credibility to a negotiation Moscow, as well as Damascus, has opposed from the beginning? □

POLAND

FIGHT FOR ARTS AND MINDS

Gary Mead on the regime's new move to silence intellectuals

BRONISLAW GEREMEK is an internationally respected scholar of medieval history and until his recent removal by the Polish authorities he was a senior figure in PAN, the Polish Academy of Sciences.

For decades PAN has been used as a place for eminent and useful but politically unsound intellectuals, where their talents can flourish but their politics are, to a large extent, sealed off from public attention. The sacking of Geremek from PAN is indicative of a policy change at the highest level of government. The warning is clear for *all* intellectuals, that Poland's previous liberalism towards moderate dissent is a thing of the past.

It's easy to see why Geremek — long since an adviser to Lech Walesa and Joseph Glemp, the Polish Primate — was singled out, and why the case should have captured the notice of sympathetic Western media. But Geremek is far from being the only noted academic to have been sacked for his political beliefs.

His example illustrates the degree to which the Jaruzelski regime has established not only control (it had that in 1982) but, more important, self-confidence. Immediately the state of war was declared in December 1981, intellectuals in all professions expected and feared that the regime would conduct a swift and wide-ranging purge. Although the more vociferous supporters of Solidarity from within the intelligentsia were sacked within a few months, the action was rather sporadic and piecemeal. A minor journalist would be fired, but a senior figure — such as Geremek — might stay in work.

Jaruzelski is one of Poland's most experienced military strategists, who has proved a certain wisdom in his handling of political opposition. He understands that, in Poland 1985, politics is nothing more than the continuation of his 1981 state of war, by other means. The war was largely won when workers were forced from their occupation strikes in December 1981. Only the mopping-up remains.

But the intelligentsia are in some sense the guerrillas of the opposition, whose antagonism to the militarised state is less obvious, more insidious than demonstrations in the street or factory strikes. It was always the case that the intelligentsia could not hope to defeat the state in isolation from the workers, but conversely, without defeating the intelligentsia, the state could not hope to finally secure itself from future threat. Action against working-class Solidarity supporters was obvious and swift: action against the deeply-rooted social and intellectual bases of Solidarity required considerably more careful planning.

IT'S TAKEN the regime three and a half years to elaborate that long-term strategy against the intelligentsia, a peculiarly East and Central European concept that embraces a disparate range of occupations; novelists and nuclear scientists, journalists and dentists. Much of the legislation passed since December 1981 has been aimed at tightening the legal controls over independent social initiatives, but the theoretical framework for that process has, until recently, been lacking.

Then, in the Spring of 1983, a report was drawn up by Hieronim Kubiak, Politburo member and academic, on the social and political roots of the 'crisis'. But the report never reached the public, scotched (it was said) because Kubiak had attributed too much responsibility to earlier party errors, under Gierek and beyond.

Still chair of the Central Committee's Cultural Commission, Kubiak has recently been arguing, in *Polityka* and the Wroclaw magazine *Odra*, that the only chance the state has of winning to its side the mass of disgruntled intellectuals is to develop a policy of cultural pluralism, in which divergent opinions on politics, science and art would be permitted. What does the intelligentsia want? Freedom of information, travel, association, a chance to express itself in the ways it thinks best. This relatively liberal view, within some elements of the party's leadership, finds considerable sympathy outside the party.

But, at the 19th Plenum of the Central Committee called to discuss the subject between 13-14 May, the party firmly rejected this line and signalled the direction the state will require the intelligentsia to take. The major speech was by Central Committee Secretary Jozef Czyrek. It had a distinctly techno-Stalinist flavour, promising on one hand support and investment for 'creative unrest' in the arts and sciences, yet absolutely no toleration of 'criticism coming from a position of blunt negation'. Czyrek took great length to ram home the need for the intelligentsia to play a crucial role in developing Polish science and industry towards the next century, so that the country does not fall behind the industrialised world. His statement that 'duty towards the state defines the basic chapter of patriotic obligations of the intelligentsia and one of the main fields of their thought and work' stands as a succinct summary of the role that the party-state has assigned to the intellectuals.

The regime's new approach is not merely a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter of sacking a few moderate dissenters. Were it unable to tolerate even a few hundred pro-Solidarity intellectuals that would be disturbing, but at least explicable. What is more alarming is that the regime cannot even accept 'creative unrest' that it has itself commissioned and paid for. In 1969 the government invited the Polish Academy of Sciences to set up a long-range forecasting team, whose job would be to analyse the whole spectrum of contemporary socio-economic events and determine what trends are in store.

The result was *Committee Poland 2000*, an apolitical body of 16 leading scientists, with its current chair being Wladyslaw Markiewicz, an active Jaruzelski supporter. In October 1980 the Committee launched a massive research project on the prospects for Poland at the turn of the next century. Housing, health, the environment, the economy, the influence of Comecon — all came under intense scrutiny. In the last month the Committee's findings have become available in the West. The conclusion was that Poland faces a 'nationwide general catastrophe' as a result of the present absurdities of centralised planning, which is not the same as an outright condemnation of central planning as such. It argues that the government's suggestion that the crisis is ending neglects the fact that this 'end' is the termination of one phase in a general downward spiral. It recommends far greater self-government for the economy, now.

But the report has been shelved by the regime as being too difficult and sensitive. Despite the promises at the Central Committee Plenum that 'those who are not against us are with us', there seems scant hope for any member of the intelligentsia to express criticism and even less hope that they might be heard. □

WEST GERMANY

REDS 'N GREENS FLIRT WARILY

Tony Catterall on an offer which has shocked everyone

HESSE'S SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC Premier's offer last week of a coalition with the Greens has astounded his party colleagues, the conservative opposition and the Greens themselves.

Holger Börner made the offer at a time when the Social Democrats nationally are deluding themselves that they could achieve an outright victory in the next federal elections and that the Greens are therefore surplus to requirement. But Börner's 33 months of leading a minority SPD government lead him to think otherwise and he has even promised a new Ministry for Environment and Energy under Green control to entice them into coalition.

The SPD left wing and the *Realpolitiker* within the Greens were overjoyed if, as one Green state MP put it, 'a bit frightened': they had been expecting — at most — a renewal of the 'toleration' of Börner's government which was broken off last year after only five months, over the question of nuclear policy. (That has now been resolved, with both parties agreeing that Hesse must lead the way in 'taking the step out of the plutonium economy.') The right wing and the *Fundamentalisten*, along with the Opposition, were horrified.

Börner, a right-winger himself, can almost certainly control his own side. The parliamentary party in Wiesbaden has already voted in favour of the new alliance, which was presented to it as the SPD's having 'gone on the offensive' to avoid being forced to make more and more small concessions in detailed negotiations over this year's Budget. In a clever move, he has also demanded that the Greens agree to a double Budget for 1986/87, taking the government securely through to the next election.

The main right-wing objection to the move lies in giving the Greens control of energy policy. The Christian Democrats, the state Employers' Federation and the Trade Union Federation all say it will lead to a flight of industry from Hesse: implementation of Green

Camera Press

Hesse Premier Börner: rethink on the Greens

ideas will mean an eventual closing of the state's nuclear power stations, with no compensatory extra output from coal-fired ones. The restricted energy available will also be more expensive, as tighter — and costly — anti-pollution measures are brought in.

According to the general secretary of the state Christian Democrats, 'without an adequate supply of energy, an industrial future is impossible; and without that there just won't be enough jobs to go around.' The Employers' Federation, alleging that even the previous co-operation agreement between the SPD and the Greens 'led to a worsening of the economic situation in the state' (for which there is no evidence), has called on industry and the unions to 'stand shoulder to shoulder' in resisting the coalition. The Trade Union Federation seems ready to do so: the state chairman, professing 'astonishment' at Premier Börner's proposal, says the new ministry would also have responsibility for industrial supervision, in which field the Greens 'have so far shown neither competence nor understanding of the problems.'

HOWEVER, IT IS not certain just what powers the new ministry would have, and nor how autonomous the minister would be. Asked if a Green would actually control energy policy, the SPD parliamentary floor leader in Wiesbaden said, 'The responsibility for setting an overall line remains with the Premier.' Moreover, a Green minister would be bound by Cabinet discipline.

That is what worries the *Fundis* among the Greens: having to take responsibility for policies with which they cannot agree. As one state MP put it, in a manner not exactly calculated to allay the fears of those who see a too-strong Marxist influence in the party, 'following such a reformist course would make the Greens the active supporters of the nature- and humanity-exploiting capitalist growth industry and the ruling power clique.' Regardless of how a special state conference this weekend (8-9 June) decided, he would never vote with the government, he said, revealing the particular narrowness of mind of many of the *Fundis*.

During a heated debate last weekend at a Federal Central Committee meeting in Frankfurt — the highest decision-making body between conferences — the question was posed as to whether the Greens' goal should be getting their people ministerial positions or forcing through their policies. The answer, as given by the *Realos* is that, in Hesse in particular, the one cannot come without the other.

Premier Börner made it quite clear when making his offer that should it be refused he would have to seek 'another majority' for the Budgets of 1985, '86 and '87. 'What will result will be neither Social Democrat nor Green policies,' he warned. The Christian Democrats have said they will not allow him an early election (as they did in 1983 after a year of a hung parliament in which the Greens charge that no serious attempts were made to negotiate with them) knowing that in the event of a new failure of Red-Green co-operation, the minority government will have no choice but to turn to them.

Nor have the Greens an interest in an early election. Despite what the *Fundis* say, the opinion polls show a majority of their supporters wanting to see results: 'fundamental opposition to the system' is a dead letter, despite the valid claims that the major parties have been forced by the mere existence of the Greens to change at least some of their policies. Federal Executive 'Speaker' Jutta Ditfurth, a hard-line *Fundi*, sees that, however, as 'an attempt to cover up their past ecological crimes.' For her, a coalition is 'a dead-end street.'

But the evidence of two state elections this year, in the Saarland and North Rhine-Westphalia, when the Greens failed to get the five per cent of the vote needed for representation after ruling out even the prospect of a coalition, seems to suggest that her position is just as much a dead end. Faced with pressing economic and environmental problems, the voters decided for a stable government — the SPD in both cases.

The results have led many in the SPD to predict a solid victory for themselves in the 1987 general elections, but that ignores history. More realistic thinkers know it is a virtual impossibility, which makes Holger Börner's Hessian experiment crucial for both parties. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Scotland first

Anthony J. C. Kerr, Jedburgh, Scotland

The SNP as described by Rob Edwards (*NS* 31 May) bears little resemblence to the party which I have consistently supported since 1960. It is not 'dominated by the Left', though the 'Left' have a relatively high profile in it and thus appear to be more powerful than they are. In fact many delegates, including myself, deliberately vote for a mix of 'right-wingers', 'centrists' and 'left-wingers' on the National Executive and among the office-bearers, so as to keep the party in balance and widen its appeal as far as possible.

Edwards is correct, however, in stating that an 'anti-Tory pact' between the SNP and Labour (and possibly the Alliance) is impracticable, but he has not fully explained the reasons.

National independence is certainly one of them. It is our basic purpose, to which everything else is subordinated. On other issues our policies tend to be a compromise broadly acceptable to anybody who is willing to put Scotland first.

Labour's basic purpose is, I think, social justice, though its individual members differ on how far individual freedom can or should be sacrificed to achieve it, and also on how far it is practicable to go without alienating a very substantial bloc of votes. On issues such as Scottish self-government, they cover the entire range from supporters of national independence to those who feel there should be even closer integration with England than at present.

There is an important conflict of interests between the two parties. Labour cannot win a general election without a majority of Scottish seats and without certain English marginal seats where there is a large Scottish working-class vote. Anything which increases Scotland's material prosperity and emotional self-respect will tend to 'deproletarianise' this country, thus losing eight or more of the present 41 Labour seats here.

What would probably happen in the hypothetical event of a pact between Labour and the SNP is that many Labour and Alliance voters would put Britain first and cast a protest vote for the Tories in seats abandoned to the SNP. At the same time Independent Nationalists would stand in seats officially abandoned by the SNP.

The agenda of our 1984 conference in fact included a resolution to discuss the possibility of such pacts with the other parties. At the very start of the conference I raised a procedural motion to have it knocked off the agenda. This was done by a two-thirds majority, and the minority included many who were against such pacts but wanted to discuss and defeat the idea in open debate. On the only occasion when pacts have actually been discussed by Conference, at Oban in 1973, the majority against this concept (involving the Liberals only, not Labour) was 350 votes to 10. These figures speak for themselves.

'Furniturism': what *NS* readers say

Andrew Cranmer, London E13

1. If chair seems clumsy to those not used to it, chairperson and chairwoman are even more so.
2. Forget the arguments about 'furniturism'. For example, when one refers to an MP's seat, one doesn't mean his/her backside, nor where s/he might place it.
3. Simply because other titles may be gender-specific doesn't make them any less sexist. It just means that the problem extends beyond one word.
4. The problem of what to call peers or monarchs is easily solved by getting rid of them altogether.

J. M. Ross, Kinross, Scotland

The Scots have a word for it. The word is 'convener', which applies to both sexes without hassle. It wouldn't do for Jeremy Morse, but he should be called 'president', which also gets round the sex problem.

'Chairman' is illogical anyhow. Everyone round a committee or boardroom table sits on a chair. Why pick one out?

Mike Freeman

I say 'professor'. Professors are known to hold the chair. Most chairs are flattered. And most professors are sexless. The only ones upset are academics which, since they are symbols of elitism and the class structure, is just as it should be.

'Spokes' are imaginative, but everyone would want to be spoke or could claim to be – which is OK for collectives, but no good if control or order has to be imposed. The hub, or the axle, or spindle might do, though. . .

Philip Jones, Morden, Surrey

An acceptable compromise should be: 'chair' for the *office*; 'chairman' or 'chairwoman' for the *office-holder*.

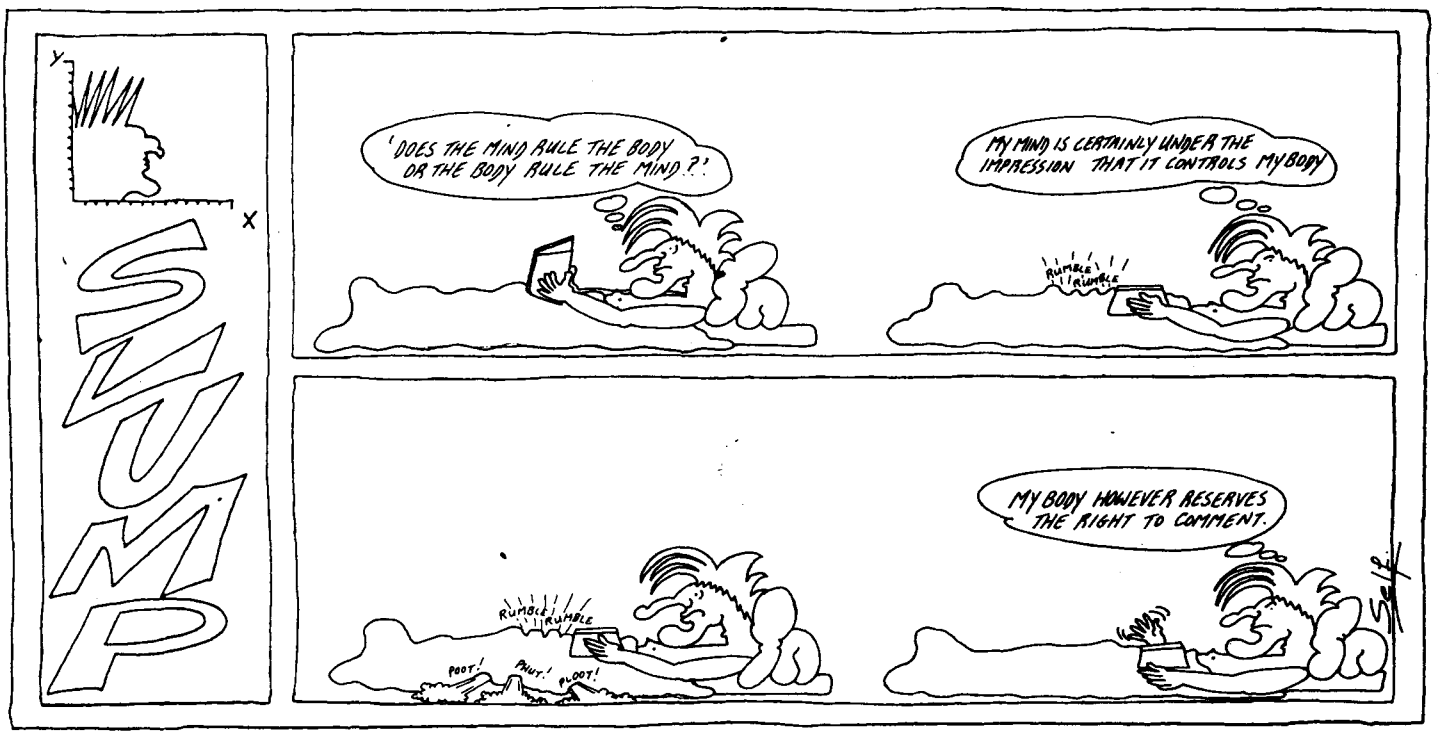
I would point out, however, that this is an issue only for the male-dominated Left/working-class movement. In middle-class Tory areas chairmen of public or voluntary bodies are just as likely as not to be women (no, ladies) and so the idea that 'chairman' has connotations of male domination is regarded as a joke.

Gender and reality

S. F. Bailey, London NW1

John Bowen's article 'Speaking of men' (*NS* 24 May) was interesting, sort of. As an elaborate and mainly linguistic analysis it was an ideal foundation for a set of examination papers; but it does not to me seem related to anything in the real world. For a start, apart from the problems arising from the two poles of gender (and even terrestrial poles have an equator) the observable differences within a large group of men, and within a similarly large group of women, are probably greater than the statistical differences between 'men' and 'women'.

There are, of course, any number of literary, dramatic and other artistic myths of masculinity and femininity. Like many myths they embody fantasies which can either alleviate or worsen one's



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficulties, but most people surely recognise them as fantasies — familiar, comfortable, amusing, perhaps useful, but still only fantasies.

Moreover, merely because one can, at least in most European languages as far as I know, produce a respectably grammatical noun does not mean there has to be some reality corresponding to it. Reification of masculinity and femininity leads to the same type of conceptual muddle that developed from the reification of IQ, so admirably taken apart in Stephen Jay Gould's *The Mismeasure of Man*.

It would be more useful to have an analysis of how gender may affect behaviour, insofar as it does affect behaviour. For example, what difference does it make that any woman from an early age may reasonably expect to be able to bear a child if she so wishes, whereas no man can expect that to happen whatever his wishes? Does it make a difference that, apart from *in vitro* conception, a woman knows directly that she is a mother, whereas no man can know directly that he is a father?

Performance or poetry?

Blake Morrison, London SE10

If Jeremy Silver really belives that I'm in favour of 'an all-white, all-male England' (*NS* 31 May) then he can't have read the women poets I've published in the *Observer* and *Times Literary Supplement* (they include Carol Rumens, Vicki Feaver, Anne Stevenson, Fleur Adcock, Medbh McGuckian, Wendy Cope, Penelope Shuttle, Sylvia Kantaris, Ruth Fainlight, Anne Born, Julie O'Callaghan, Elaine Feinstein and others), nor can he have read what I've written about black writers like Edward Kamau Brathwaite, Derek Walcott, James Berry, Linton Kwesi Johnson and E. A. Markham. As examples of poets overlooked by the likes of me, Silver puts forward Frederick Williams and Grace Nichols: in fact, both appeared in the anthology *New for Babylon* which I reviewed, in the main enthusiastically, in the *London Review of Books* last year (Nichols's poem 'I Is a Long Memoried Woman' I described as 'the most attractive contribution' to the book). And though it would ruin his argument to admit this, some of what Silver says about performance poetry I said myself in the *New Society* piece which he attacks, where I spoke of 'the revival of the reading aloud or "performance" of poetry', of 'entertainers who feel happiest reading at pubs and clubs, at rock concerts and CND marches, away from the established poetry venues', and of 'an increasing number of poets. . .who look equally at home in performance or on the page.'

But let's not pretend that Silver and I are in agreement. I don't knock performance poetry (some poets are tremendous performers) but nor do I share Silver's enthusiasm for a world in which the printed form becomes primarily 'a retrieval or recollection of the performance' (what about the unlucky ones who didn't go to the performance?) and where 'it is certainly less appropriate to read a book of poems than to go and listen to a reading of a performance, for example at the National Sound Archive' (what about the people who *like reading books*?). The problem with performance is that you can't, as with reading, stop and think. And anyone who's ever read their poems aloud, or listened to others reading, know what cheap tricks can be played to get on terms with an audience, how easily it becomes a matter of tipping the wink, nudging and ironising, playing to the crowd. These are actors' tricks, of course, and actors are always trying to get their hands on poetry. Silver can capitulate to them if he likes — but anyone who believes in poetry (not theatricals) and socialism (not socialising) will not want to join him.

FEEDBACK

Appeal to Kinnock's left ear

PETER HAIN (*NS* 24 May) claims that Labour can win the next general election on terms favourable to the Left. But only if the Left sacrifices any intention of carrying on a fight for socialism. The responsibilities of the Left go wider than just ensuring that the Labour Party can win the next general election. They include ensuring that the working class is not sold out in the process. This means refusing to join the stampede to unite behind Neil Kinnock.

It is becoming clear that Labour can win the next general election. But the reason is a rejection of Thatcher rather than an endorsement of Labour. The Alliance can draw as much encouragement from the county council results and recent opinion polls as Labour can. That Labour has the better chance of forming the next government can largely be put down to the vagaries of electoral boundaries and the electoral system.

The Neil Kinnock strategy for electoral victory is to outdo the Alliance as the chief apostle of common sense, law and order and moderation, to broaden his appeal to bid for every anti-Thatcher vote available. This strategy is based on an explanation of Labour's 1983 defeat which is striking in its simplicity and stunning in its superficiality. It is that Labour lost because its policies were too extreme and too narrowly class-based to appeal to the majority of voters.

Therefore the answer is to excise the class content from Labour's policies and to present the Party as upholding decent, solid consensual views as against the extremism and radicalism of Thatcher. Hence the importance of distancing the Party from the miners' strike and the fight against rate-capping to avoid any suggestion that Labour might be a party of rebellion — in any sense.

In reality, the swing away from Thatcher represents a longing for a return to the comfortable certainties of the consensus years only among those representatives of the ruling class who fear that Thatcher is now stirring up more trouble than she can control. There may be some sections of the working class who share their nostalgia for the '50s and '60s. But for the oppressed, those years had little to commend them.

Working-class women, blacks and others on the receiving end of the paternalism of the welfare state have few positive memories of the period whose values Kinnock is projecting. Yet their votes are taken for granted. So are those of trade unionists who have been denied the support of the Party in their fight against the Thatcher government.

Labour cannot simultaneously appeal to every group opposed to Thatcher, even in opposition. It has to choose whether to curry favour with the middle classes, while relying on the votes of the workers, or to fight to put the working class in power, winning support from other sections of society by showing why this is necessary.

Neil Kinnock, like others before him, has chosen the first course. What is surprising is that a section of the erstwhile Left has chosen to follow him. Peter Hain admits that he sees no prospect that the next Labour government will be a socialist government, but tries to reassure us with the impossible dream of a non-socialist government which lays the foundations for socialism. Not to be outdone, Ken Livingstone sets out the scenario of a struggle by a handful — even if a large handful — of Left MPs for the 'heart and soul' of the next Labour government — as if the Tribune Group's virtual impotence over three decades to change the direction of Labour in power has taught him nothing.

But what is most extraordinary about these contributions is their claim that this realignment to the Right is some kind of advance for the Left. It is exactly the opposite. Both Hain and Livingstone seem to believe, against all the evidence, that Kinnock's left ear can still be bent. But he has been deaf to Hain's repeated appeals since the day he was elected.

Hain insists that the Left must not duck its responsibility to formulate a programme 'sufficiently credible to command the breadth of support to win'. But he does not mean by this that the Left must make concrete the steps by which the economy will be brought under social control and inequality ended. What he means is that the Left must formulate a more imaginative strategy for managing capitalism than the Labour Right. Thus Hain sees the fundamental position for the next Labour government as managing the collision between the pent-up expectations of the working class and steering British capitalism out of economic crisis. His contribution is to argue that the Left must design a better incomes policy than the Right. His capitulation is not simply an acceptance of Kinnock as leader but of his programme and perspective as well.

It is of course a perspective which points to disaster. The superficial unity of opposition to Thatcher will decompose into its various parts just as soon as a Labour government is elected. Without a crystal ball it is impossible to plot the precise course of this government. All that can be said is that the attempt to run the decrepit British economy of the 1980s on the basis of a warmed-over Wilsonism will lead to a collision which will make the 1979 Winter of Discontent look positively mild by comparison.

Nothing could be more fatal for the Left than to be sucked into support for, and active participation in, a government which fails to offer a way out of the present crisis. The eventual collapse of confidence in that government would bury the credibility of the Left in the ruins. For survival the Left must preserve its independence and its critical edge.

Livingstone may be right to insist that a challenge to Kinnock as leader is not possible at present. This only goes to confirm the need to challenge the road he has pointed out for the Party and the policies that go with it.

The crisis through which British society is passing is a crucial turning-point where the possibility opens up of a genuine move towards socialism. Wilson and Callaghan demonstrated that the Keynesian consensus could not deliver a road out of the crisis. Thatcher has demonstrated that a radical capitalist alternative offers the working class nothing.

These two experiences have opened up the opportunity to win the argument for socialism. If the present leadership succeeds in squeezing the political struggles of today back into the traditional framework of British party politics, that opportunity will be lost.

Ted Knight, John McDonnell and Matthew Warburton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE CASTLE OF THEIR SKIN

Since he became director of the Institute of Race Relations, A. SIVANANDAN has been one of the most influential thinkers on race, class and politics. Here, in the first of two articles, he puts forward one of his most controversial arguments: that black struggle has been degraded by 'multi-culturalism' and 'racism awareness'.*

THERE IS a class war going on within Marxism as to who — in the period of the de-construction of industrial capitalism and the re-composition of the working class — are the real agents of revolutionary change: the orthodox working class, which is orthodox no more, or the 'ideological classes' who pass for the new social force or forces. It is a war that was engendered, on the one hand, by the growing disillusion with Soviet communism and, on the other, by the receding prospect of capturing state power in late capitalist societies where such power was becoming increasingly diffuse and opaque.

The solution to both, on the ground, pointed to a variant of social democracy under the rubric of Euro-communism. The solution, for theory, pointed to a re-reading of Marx, a re-hashing of Gramsci and a return to intellectual rigour accompanied by activist mortis. The working class, as a consequence, was stripped of its richest political seams — black, feminist, gay, green, etc. — and left, in the name of anti-economism, a prey to economism. Conversely, the new social forces, freed from the ballast of economic determinism (and class reductionism), have been floated as the political and ideological 'classes' of the new radicalism.

But that flight from class has served only to turn ideological priorities into idealistic preoccupations, and political autonomy into personalised politics and palliatives — which, for all that, have passed into common left currency and found a habitation and a name in Labour local authorities. The clearest expression of these tendencies and the mortality they bring to the new social movements are to be seen in the philosophy and practice of Racism Awareness Training (RAT), the blight of the black struggle — itself a result of the flight of race from class.

The trajectory of that flight can be traced in the reduction of race to 'ethnicity' and the identification of State racism with ethnic disadvantage. But an ethnic strategy as such begins to emerge only with the Scarman Report, which was received with relief by Tory and Labour alike.

THE FOUNDATION for such a strategy had already been intimated in the report of the Home Affairs Committee on Racial Disadvantage (1981) — which was itself informed by a whole school of ethnicity that had emerged (at Bristol University's Social Science Research Council Unit on Ethnic Relations) to take on the 'problem' of British-born blacks.

Whereas multiculturalism, addressing itself to the revolt of the first-generation 'immigrant', diagnosed the problem as one of cultural misunderstanding, the ethnicists, in trying to relate to the ongoing revolt of British-born blacks, connected it with the cultural limbo to which racism had ostensibly condemned them. Neither Asian/Afro-Caribbean nor British but afflicted by both, the second generation was adrift of its moorings and rudderless, caught in a cross-current of emotion in its search for identity — not least, to fight racism with. And in that search, it kept returning to its ethnicity and, redefining it, found refuge therein.

Ethnicity refers, therefore, to the creation of a new reactive culture on the part of British-born Asians and West Indians alike. But where Asians tended to go into their cultures to make the new ethnicity, West Indian ethnicity came out of a mixture, a 'creolisation', of Afro-Caribbean culture with the 'host' culture. 'Those who were born in Britain', states Watson, 'are caught between the cultural expectations of their parents (the first-generation migrants) and the social demands of the wider society. Young Sikhs and Jamaicans, for instance, often feel that they do not "fit" in either culture... Largely in response to racism, these two minorities have begun a process of ethnic redefinition — or "creolisation"...' (*Between Two Cultures: Migrants and Minorities in Britain* Oxford 1977).

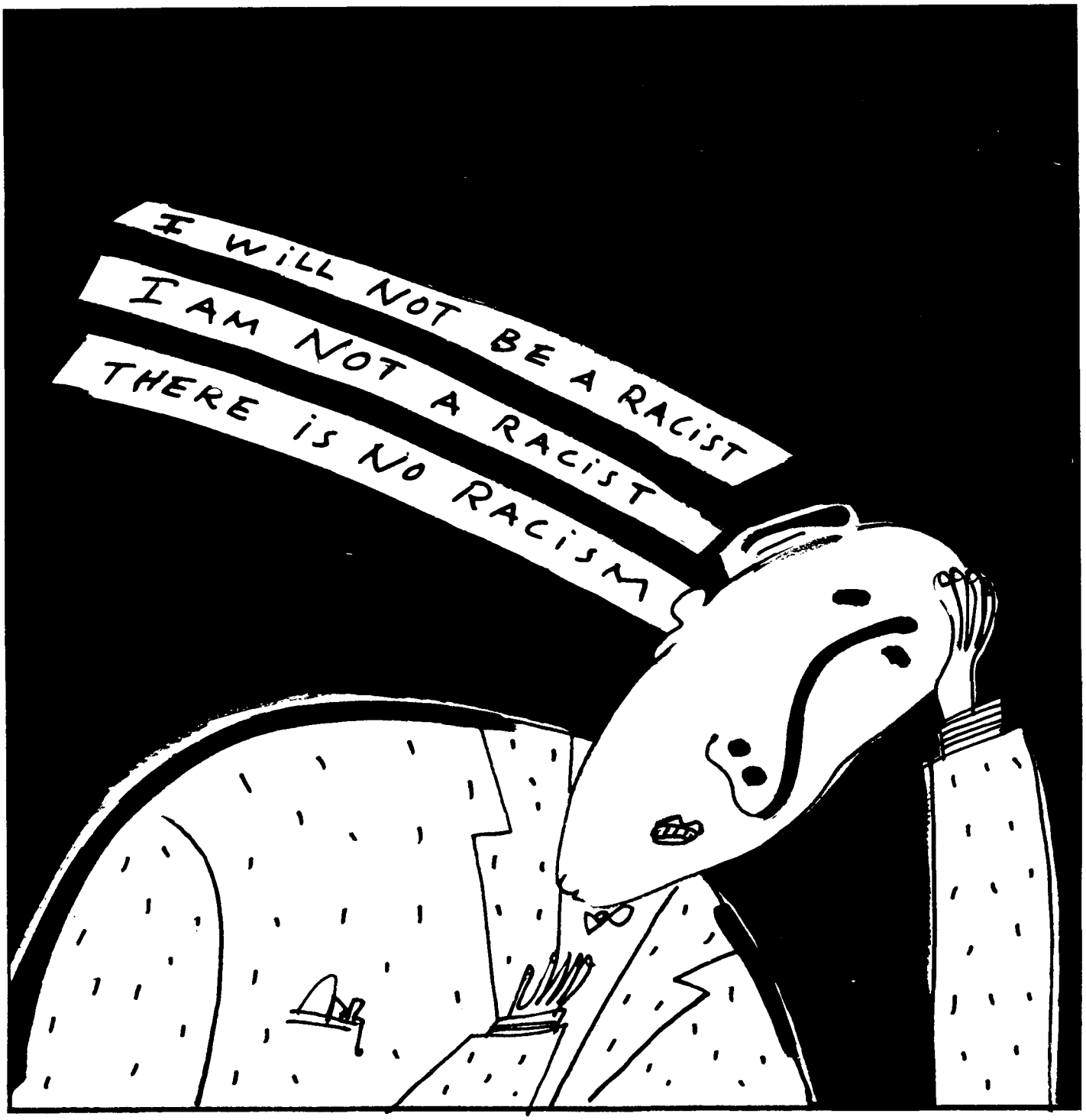
By acknowledging the resistance to racism on the part of the second generation only to banish it to 'conflicted identification' and 'ethnic redefinition', the ethnicists deny the connection between race and class and between racism and imperialism — and reincarcerate the second generation in the castle of their skin. Identity is all. The Home Affairs Committee then takes on the ethnic theme and, making ethnicity official, signs up institutional racism as racial disadvantage — leaving it to Scarman to tie it up with ethnic need. It is here at the point of cure, in the act of applying the ethnic poultice to the ethnic wound, that racial disadvantage begins to smell of inherent disability.

The West Indian family, implies Scarman, is comparatively unstable, 'doubtless because of the impact of British social conditions on the matriarchal extended family structure of the West Indian immigrants'. Young West Indians, for Scarman are 'a people of the street... They live their lives on the street, having often nothing better to do: they make their protest there: and some of them live off street crime.' Inevitably, they must come into conflict with the police, 'whom they see as pursuing and harassing them on the streets'. And this hostility of black youth to the police has '*infected* older members of the community' (emphasis added). The street-corners are 'social centres' for old people too, and 'young and old, good and bad have time on their hands and a continuing opportunity... to engage in endless discussion of their grievances', so that 'in Brixton even one isolated instance

'... the ethnicists deny the connection between race and class and between racism and imperialism — and reincarnate the second generation in the castle of their skin.'

*This is an extract from Sivanandan's article in *Race and Class*, Spring 1985, available from 2-6 Leeke Street, King's Cross Road, London WC1X 8HS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Christine Roche

of misconduct can foster a whole legion of rumours which rapidly become beliefs firmly held within the community'.

The ensuing scramble for government grants on the basis of specific ethnic needs served, on the one hand, to deepen ethnic differences and foster ethnic rivalry and, on the other, to widen the definition of ethnicity to include a variety of national and religious groups — Chinese, Cypriots, Greeks, Turks, Irish, Italians, Jews, Moslems, Sikhs — till the term itself became meaningless (except as a means of getting funds). This 'vertical mosaic' of ethnic groups, so distanced from the horizontal of class politics, then became even more removed by the policies of 'left' Labour councils who, lacking the race-class perspective which would have allowed them to dismantle the institutional racism of their own structures, institutionalised ethnicity instead. And it was left to a handful of genuinely anti-racist programmes and/or campaigns, such as those against deportation, police harassment and racial violence (sustained largely by GLC funding), to carry on the dwindling battle for community and class.

The other cure for racial disadvantage propounded by Scarman was 'positive action', which meant no more than a determined effort at promoting equal opportunity or, more precisely, reducing unequal opportunity for ethnic minorities, but backed up this time by a system of monitoring. And this, too, was taken up avidly by inner-city administrations who, having set up their own race relations units (to administer ethnic programmes and ethnic funds), required now an ethnic staff — not least, to keep an eye on jobs for ethnics.

UNDERLYING THE whole of Scarman's report is a socio-psychological view of racism, resonant of the ideas of the ethnic school, which, when coupled with his views on racial disadvantage, verges on the socio-biological. Institutional racism, for Scarman, is not a reality of black life but a matter of subjective feelings, perceptions, attitudes, beliefs. Ethnic minorities have a 'sense' of 'concealed discrimination'. 'Popular attitudes and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beliefs' themselves 'derive their strength' from the 'limbo of the half-remembered and the half-imagined'. The 'image' of a hostile police force is 'myth' and 'legend'.

Racism, for Scarman, was in the mind — in attitudes, prejudices, irrational beliefs — and these were to be found on both sides of the divide — black and white. Institutional racism was a matter of black perception, white racism was a matter of prejudice. Or that, on the face of it, was what Scarman seemed to be saying — and at worst, it was even-handed, liberal even.

'. . . the white Left now believes that any self-seeking middle-class group that calls itself black . . . is automatically political or progressive.'

But what he had effectively done was to reduce institutional racism to black perception and replace it with personal prejudice — and so shift the object of anti-racist struggle from the state to the individual, from changing society to changing people, from improving the lot of whole black communities, mired in racism and poverty, to improving the lot of 'black' individuals.

It was a plan that the nascent 'black' petit-bourgeoisie leapt to embrace. It was only when there was a white blockage in the system that the ethnics turned 'black' and pulled out all their oppressed 'black' history to beat the whites with. Hence the demand for Black Sections in the Labour Party; the rise and fall of the Black Media Workers' Association (BMWA) and the Black Trade Union Solidarity Movement (BTUSM). None of these give a fart for ordinary black people, but use them and their struggle as cynically as any other bourgeois class or sub-class.

Ironically enough, most of the support for these groups has come from the 'left wing' of the labour movement which, having failed to incorporate black working-class struggles and black working-class leadership into its own history and organisation, now feels compelled to accommodate black sects in its vaunted broad church. Taking black out of the context of the struggles in which it was beaten into a political colour, the white left now believes that any self-seeking middle-class group that calls itself black has an automatic right to appropriate that history and is automatically political or progressive.

What is even more ironical is that this should be happening at a time when, in the rush for office, even such reconstituted blackness is breaking up into Afro-Caribbean and Asian, with the Afro-Caribbeans claiming a prior right to black history on the basis, simply, of a darker colour — thereby emptying 'black' of politics altogether. Black Sections are no more representative of black working people than the Labour Party is of white.

In fact, black politics has to cease to be political for blacks to get into politics. The BTUSM is no more interested in the lot of the rank and file than their lordships Chapple and Murray were. The BMWA, in the short period of its fight-to-get-into-Channel 4 existence, never did anything for the lower ranks of black workers unless exposing the foibles and manners of one's own people to white voyeurs, but from the inside this time, can be considered funny or political. But then, an ethnic media can only reproduce the cult of ethnicity. And a culture of ethnicity, unlike a culture of resistance, has no community and has no class.

And to undergird it all, undergird the efforts of the new ethnics to move up and away — up through the white blockages in the system and away from the black communities and their troubles — there is a whole school of thought and enterprise which promises to change white minds and white attitudes so that a thousand black flowers can bloom in the interstices of the white structure. Felicitously, it calls itself RAT (Racism Awareness Training) — and it is to this final degradation of black struggle that I now turn my attention.

RAT BEGAN life in HAT (Human Awareness Training) on a military base in Florida at the end of the 1960s, when the reverberations of black rebellion in American cities began to resonate in the military installations in the US and Japan and drive the Defense Department to a Human Goals Proclamation upholding individual dignity, worth and equal opportunity in its ranks.

HAT, of course, had formed part of human relations training for some time, but the race relations element came into prominence only after the Kerner Commission (1968) declared that racism in America was a white problem and that it inhered in the very structures of society. 'What white Americans have never fully understood — but what the Negro can never forget — is that white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it and white society condones it.'

On the face of it, the Kerner report looked like a radical statement (as radical as Scarman appeared liberal), and though it connected racism with white institutions, nowhere did it connect the institutions themselves with an exploitative white power structure. So that oppression was severed from exploitation, racism from class and institutional racism from state racism.

The US Commission on Civil Rights (1970) echoed the Kerner Commission and went on to define racism as 'any attitude, action or institutional structure which subordinates a person or group because of his or their color'.

Following the two reports, a whole host of literature sprang up in education, psychology and the churches, rescuing racism from structural taint and interiorising it within the white psyche and white behaviour — and formulating programmes for combating racism on that basis.

But the work of the Detroit Industrial Mission following the burning of that city (1967) and the rise of black militancy pointed to the need to create a 'new white consciousness' through both attitudinal and behavioural change. The emphasis hitherto, wrote its Associate Director Robert W. Terry in *For whites only*, had been on changing attitudes to change behaviour or changing behaviour (through law, for instance) in order to change attitudes. But though both attitudes and behaviour were critical and both needed to be changed, 'attitudes will be misplaced and behaviour misdirected if consciousness remains untouched'. For even the most well-intentioned person, argues Terry, can without being 'personally involved in overt acts of racial injustice', perpetuate racism in institutions merely by the way the American 'cultural or belief system . . . sets his orientation in the decision-making process'.

The elements of the RAT credo were already set by the time Judy Katz came to write her D. Ed thesis: *Systematic handbook of exercises for the re-education of white people with respect to attitudes and behaviourisms* (1976) — except that by now she would also draw on the women's movement for an even more personal interpretation of oppression and the need for consciousness-raising. That perspective would, in addition, also allow her (and her followers) to distort the language, style and analysis of the black movement and further remove racism from its exploitative context and render it class-less. □

NEXT WEEK

How Britain gratefully grasped the RAT package and original sin and saw power as far too personal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The inexhaustible Darwin industry

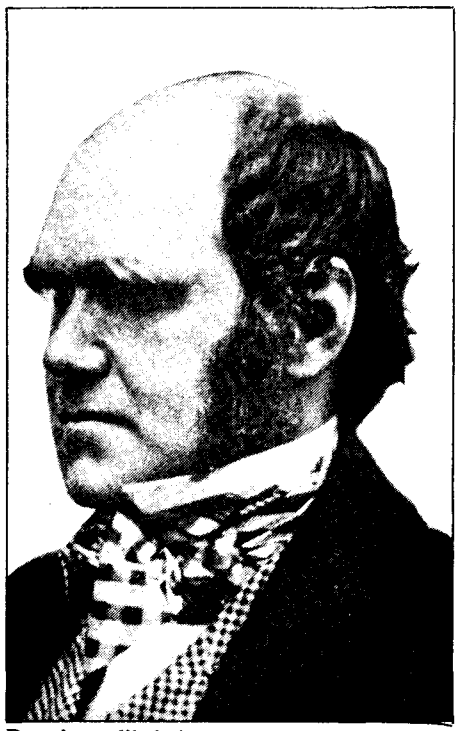
Steven Rose

The Correspondence of Charles Darwin Vol I 1821-1836
ed. FREDERICK BURKHARDT and SYDNEY SMITH *Cambridge* £30
The Survival of Charles Darwin: A Biography of a Man and an Idea
RONALD W. CLARK *Weidenfeld* £14.95
Evolution: A Theory in Crisis
MICHAEL DENTON *Burnett Books* £17.50

OF THE THREE 19th-century writers whose work most changed the mainstream Western world-view, Freud, Marx and Darwin, Charles Darwin is in some senses the most unlikely figure. From a well-off and intellectual family and for most of his life of secure and independent means, he spent his early youth shooting partridges and contemplating first medicine and then settling down to a country living. 'A nice little parsonage and a nice little wife', as his sisters and friends kept reminding him in their monthly letters during the five long years he spent, from the age of 22, as naturalist on board HMS Beagle as it beat up and down the coast of South America, from Rio to 'Terra del Fuego' and the Falklands and up to 'St Iago' and Peru. Returning to England in 1836, he soon settled at Downe in Kent, married his Wedgwood cousin, produced a large Victorian family and, dogged by ill health (or hypochondria), remained there, scarcely even travelling the few miles to London, until his death in 1882, observing earth worms, writing a treatise on barnacles, keeping up correspondence with pigeon breeders and eventually, in 1859, as the result of energetic prodding by his more worldly scientific friends, producing in haste an 'outline' of his projected great tome on *The Origin of Species* for fear he was scooped by a less well-connected naturalist and collector, Alfred Russel Wallace.

The theory of evolution by natural selection transformed almost all areas of biology and precipitated a great battle between 'science' and 'religion' (or rather, between some scientists and orthodox Christianity). Its method and conclusions found an immediate place in political debate, from Herbert Spencer's Social Darwinism on the right to Marx and Engels' scientific socialism and Kropotkin's anarchist vision of *Mutual Aid* on the left. What is more, as with the writings of Marx and Freud, every decade since *The Origin* appeared has seen a re-evaluation of the concept of evolution; each generation has produced its post-Darwinists just as it has its post-Marxists and post-Freudians. Uniquely for a century-old scientific writer, Darwin's works are still read and reread today.

Small wonder then that the Darwin industry is seemingly inexhaustible. The massive **Correspondence** is only the first volume of a collection which may not be complete until the start of the 21st century. It is superbly edited and a fascinating read, from its start with the exchanges between the schoolboy Darwin and



Camera Press

Darwin: unlikely innovator

elder brother Erasmus on the planning and financing of a home chemistry lab, through the doubts of his doctor father on whether to permit Charles to make the Beagle voyage, to the final flurry of correspondence about where to locate his multitude of samples in the months after his return.

The letters from Darwin chronicle his transition from the enthusiastic partridge shooter and beetle hunter to the geologist galloping 500 miles across the pampas. His letters from the Galapagos islands, whose bird life provided a vital clue to evolutionary theory, are missing; his comments on the Falklands (a 'desolate peat bog' just recaptured from the government at 'Buenos Ayres', which he recognises as of considerable strategic significance) remain and form a curious overture to the sorry subsequent history of those islands. Then there are the letters from his extensive network of sisters and female cousins (the men, they say, were too busy or lazy to write much). The accounts of matching, hatching and occasionally dispatching in Shropshire of the 1830s are irresistible, from their insights into the state of Uncle Josiah Wedgwood's bowel movements to the oscillating enthusiasms for Whigs and Tories in the years around the first Reform Bill and the literary enthusiasm for Jane Austen and whether the 90-foot Beagle had room on board for a copy of *Persuasion* as well as Humboldt's *Narrative* of his tropical voyages.

Ronald Clark's **The Survival of Charles Darwin** is but the latest of a long line, of course, but he has differentiated it from its predecessors by the device of its subtitle. By page 199 Darwin is dead and the second half of the book chronicles what Clark sees as the subsequent triumph of neo-Darwinian ideas, culminating in the double helix, molecular biology — and the renewed debate over creationism. Clark is an experienced biographer who has gone some way to cornering the market in scientists, from Henry Tizard to Albert Einstein, and he does a thorough and accurate job, which works well enough while the chronicle of a life imposes a discipline, but breaks down as the narrative turns to a century of post-Darwinian debates. This is partly because the issues involved range from cosmology to cytogenetics, but more importantly because Clark is committed to a triumphalist account of science as an onward march from darkness into light, in which Darwinism, at least in its synthetic, post-1930s form, is continually vindicated. His account is untouched by the problems of ideology and social determinants of scientific theories which have so enriched and problematised understanding of genetics and evolution as they have been retold many times over the past decade.

Thus, from a reading of Clark it would appear extraordinary that a molecular biologist could entitle a book **Evolution: A Theory in Crisis**, yet this indeed is what Michael Denton has done. Actually, the title is a misnomer, because not even Denton doubts the fact (not theory) that species have evolved; that is, that they have been transformed over time. Darwin's contribution was to offer a mechanism for that evolution, based on the simple and incontrovertible statements that (a) like begets like, with minor variations, and (b) all organisms produce more offspring than can survive to breed in their turn. It follows that (c) those offspring which are most fit for (better adapted to) their environment are more likely to survive to breed than their less fit fellows, and (d) *their* offspring will in turn tend to perpetuate those characteristics which make them more fit. In a nutshell, that is natural selection theory and, while Darwin did not know the mechanism whereby like begets like with variation, modern genetic theory, starting with Mendel and refined by the molecular biology of DNA, offers a rather precise mechanism which lies at the heart of the neo-Darwinian synthesis.

The trouble is that natural selection offers a very good explanation of how species get better and better at doing their own thing; it has problems, as Darwin himself knew, accounting for how new species arise. *Pace* the creationists, it is the problem of speciation which is at the heart of the vigorous scientific debate about the adequacy of natural selection theory, and a number of variants to orthodox neo-Darwinism exist today. Sadly Denton's book, rather than taking a coherent position in this debate, is a series of random chapters lumping together almost any and every criticism of neo-Darwinism from the 'gaps in the fossil record' (compare Denton's use of those to Clark's account of how the filling of the gaps has vindicated Darwinism) through to the arguments by astronomer Fred Hoyle that the odds against human life are so great that evolution alone cannot account for it. This assemblage of ill-assorted and often mutually contradictory argument is not helped by persistent inaccuracies; names are mis-spelt, positions travestied and basic biological data mis-stated. ▷

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Technology and employment in industry: A case study approach
Edited by A.S. Bhalla. Foreword by A. Sen 3rd (revised and enlarged) edition
These case studies demonstrate that substitution possibilities exist in both primary and secondary operations. Most of them are based on field surveys and show the economic and technical feasibility of alternative techniques; two, on the minerals industry in the U.S., Zambia, Zaire and Chile, and on the manufacture of tins in Kenya, Tanzania and Thailand, are intercountry comparative studies. Others relate to particular industries – jute processing in Kenya, sugar in India, cement block manufacturing in Kenya, shoes and bricks in Malaysia, textiles in the U.K., engineering in Colombia, metal working in Mexico, and now textiles and energy in Korea.
ISBN 92-2-103989-2 (hard) £15.05
ISBN 92-2-103970-6 (limp) £12.55

Population and employment in developing countries
by G.M. Farooq
This is the first of a series of background papers for training in population, human resources and development planning. The severity of the employment situation in developing countries is emphasised and its relation to socio-economic structures is explained. The concepts of population and employment are introduced and the basic problems of defining, measuring and understanding concepts relating to labour force and its under-utilisation are examined. Sources and causes of employment problems and policies directed towards the solutions are also looked into.
ISBN 92-2-100515-1 £5.00

Women, work and development
A series of monographs concerned with the actual and potential roles of women in development – their economic contributions and their changes, their organisations, policies, development projects, technologies, demographic change, development patterns and strategies and equality within domestic sphere and labour markets. Each book provides insights into the processes involved and suggests means of improving women's working and living conditions.

Unpaid work in the household: A review of economic evaluation methods
by L. Goldschmidt-Clermont
ISBN 92-2-103085-7 No. 1 £5.85

From peasant girls to Bangkok masseuses
by P. Phongpaichit
ISBN 92-2-103013-X No. 2 £5.00

State policies and the position of women workers in the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen between 1967 and 1977
by M. Molyneux
ISBN 92-2-103144-6 No. 3 £5.85

Women in Andean agriculture: Peasant production and rural wage employment in Colombia and Peru
by C. Deere and M. Léon de Leal
ISBN 92-2-103106-3 No. 4 £6.70

Women workers in Sri Lanka plantation sector: An historical and contemporary analysis
by R. Kurian
ISBN 92-2-102992-1 No. 5 £6.70

Fertility, female employment and policy measures in Hungary
by B. Barta, A. Klinger, K. Miltényi and G. Vukovich
ISBN 92-2-103624-3 No. 6 £5.00

Craftswomen in Kerdassa, Egypt: Household production and reproduction
by P. D. Lynch with H. Fahmy
ISBN 92-2-103625-1 No. 7 £5.00

Fisherwomen on the Kerala coast: Demographic and economic impact of a fisheries development project
by L. Gulati
ISBN 92-2-103626-X No. 8 £6.70
Further books are in preparation

International Labour Office
Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY.
Tel: 01-828 6401

More serious is a fundamental obfuscation of purpose; Denton's interest is clearly to strengthen the hand of those who, for whatever ideological purpose, resort to the repeated argument that 'even many scientists' disagree with evolutionary theory. By never making his own position clear he does his readers a disservice. The way is still open for an accessible synoptic and critical account of the post-Darwinian debates in their 1980s incarnation. Meanwhile my money is on the *Correspondence*. □

Light in a dark corner

Rupert Christiansen

Byron and Greek Love
LOUIS CROMPTON *Faber* £17.50

THE TITLE of this remarkable book may misleadingly suggest a study of literary influence or a bit of biographical footling. But 'Greek Love' was the euphemism for homosexuality (a word coined only in 1869) most acceptable to educated discourse until this century — and what Louis Crompton has in fact done is to draw together and develop previous research on Byron's 'Greek' proclivities by setting them against the history of an important phase of homosexual culture, in particular a cruel and mindless campaign of persecution.

Alone in Europe, Georgian England enforced the death penalty for sodomy (and continued to do so until 1861). The French had decriminalised it altogether by 1791; other monarchs of the Enlightenment, from Catherine the Great to Frederick of Prussia, had substantially reduced the penalties, as the law withdrew itself from the province of private morality.

In England, however, there were as many as five 'show' executions a year for full convictions and numerous pilloryings of stomach-turning nastiness for 'attempted sodomy'. Public opinion was united against the 'nameless abomination', and it is disturbing to find even men as intelligent as Gibbon and Shelley regarding the act, if not the emotion behind it, with such violent repulsion.

Quite why something which the larger part of humanity could accept as a fact of life should so unnerve a nation not otherwise noted for its brutal intolerance is hard to explain. One can take account of prejudice against what could be branded as a 'foreign' and 'Catholic' vice, especially in an age of political reaction and war with Napoleon, but as with comparable demonising of witches and communists, there remains a root of mass fear and hatred that cannot be rationalised.

Only one man is known to have looked at Greek Love with any degree of objective equanimity. This was Jeremy Bentham, who at intervals in his long career as reformer addressed the matter according to his disinterested utilitarian principles. In the climate of the times, publication of these writings was out of the question, and Crompton is apparently the first scholar to have fully explored the cache of manuscripts now lodged in University College, London. Voluminous and turgid in style, they nevertheless radically conclude that 'mere antipathy' and an assortment of biblical injunctions provide no grounds for legislation over what amounts to the choice of a form of pleasure; standard objections that the acceptance of sodomy precipitated a decline in the manly virtues and implied disrespect to women were not borne out by the experience of Athenian and other cultures.

Bentham's efforts to explain the reasons why homosexuals were made scapegoats show an extraordinary grasp of social psychology and, although the way he pulls Malthus' theory of over-population into the defence now seems quaint, he emerges from the discussion blazoned with precisely the depth of moral imagination that he is popularly supposed to have lacked.

There is a significant irony in the contrast the book presents between Bentham 'the philosophical hedonist and moral revolutionary' who lived the life of an ascetic and Byron the rake who never seriously challenged the prevalent moral premises. Bentham aimed to map out a materialist logic for sexual behaviour; Byron thrived on the pleasures of guilt and, at least until his rise to fame, he enjoyed the taboos, dangers and secrecy of his early homosexual affairs, such as his passion for the Trinity chorister John Edlestone, whose death inspired the 'Thyrza' poems.

Crompton is of the opinion that Byron's self-exile after the break-up of his marriage in 1816 was largely due to his terror of exposure on this score; and, despite Shelley's much-quoted letter from Venice about 'practices not only not named but I believe seldom conceived in England', he also inclines to the view that Byron subsequently remained exclusively heterosexual, until his last months in Missolonghi, where the beautiful but petulant Lukas Chalandrutsanos humiliated him. 'Love dwells not in our will' the fat and balding Byron wrote to Lukas in what were probably his last lines of verse.

> Nor can I blame thee — though it be my lot
> To strongly — wrongly — vainly — love thee still.

One effect of persecution, as Crompton chillingly reminds us, is to eradicate knowledge of the persecuted — and inevitably, even when dealing with such a highly documented figure as Byron, much of the evidence used here is ambiguous or conjectural. What Crompton underestimates, I think, is the element of bravado in Byron's personality, his tendency to *épater les bourgeois* and show off to his friends. His libertine claims should not be interpreted too literally: quite possibly there was more of 'romantic friendship' (of the sort felt by Tennyson for Hallam) in his male relationships than there was actual sexual activity. There are also moments when one feels that Crompton is too ready to slap the labels of modern sexual psychology — 'bisexuality', and that barbarous word 'homophobia', for instance — on to a situation where the structures of thought and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feeling, as well as the terminology, were somewhat different.

But it is for the breadth of its meticulously researched perspectives that this book is most valuable. Crompton gives a wealth of detail about scandals in high and low places, bowdlerisings of the classics and the camp argot, and the fascination of Byron never masks an awareness of the parallel but uncushioned sufferings that must have faced thousands of the eradicated persecuted. This is a major contribution to the history of minorities, and the final insistence that in sexual emancipation 'our culture faces business left unfinished by the Enlightenment' is the properly challenging one. □

Survivor's testament

Ben Okri

Call Me Woman
ELLEN KUZWAYO
The Women's Press £11.95 & £5.95

IT IS HARD to resist a book that comes with the joint blessing of Bessie Head, a much neglected South African novelist, and Nadine Gordimer. But Ellen Kuzwayo's *Call Me Woman* is invaluable because it gives a different perspective on South Africa and its black reality: the absurdity of apartheid could not have found a more unpretentious exposition. Kuzwayo is approaching her 71st birthday and it is amazing, given the breadth of her experience, that she can still write abut her life with such absence of self-pity or bitterness. If her book were just about the suffering and the survival of the black woman in South Africa that would have been enough. As it is, her story involves much else. She has known the disinheritance of her parents' farmland after 100 years of freehold ownership. In 1974 the government designated the area a 'black spot', which means only whites can live on it. Free as a child, disinherited as an adult, her story runs parallel with the story of South Africa.

She writes tellingly about the burden of apartheid on black women, about the migrant labour system and its destruction of families and communities, about the insane pass laws, the prohibition on selling any liquor to blacks which created the heavy drinking of very potent liquor brewed by the famous shebeen Queens. Her story makes it clear that in abnormal circumstances it is impossible to separate the personal from the political; it takes us from a certain passivity all the way to intense involvement. She started teaching in 1937, and has long since reached the conclusion that the South African Government provides black people with the sort of education that is meant to keep them as servants, underdogs; and she gives an interesting account of how this same issue of education exploded in the Soweto riots of 1976 with the students' refusal to be taught in the Afrikaans language.

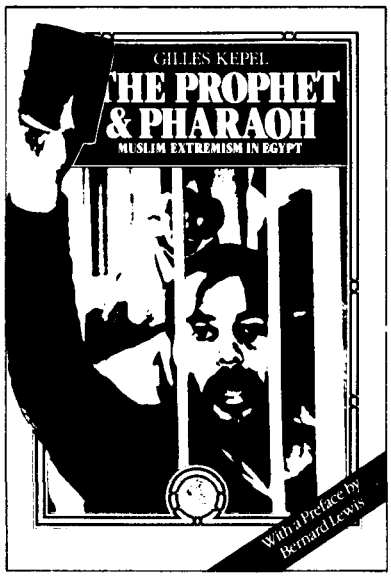
Her involvement has been many-sided. She worked with the ANC, she knew Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, Steve Biko. She turned to social work among women and the young; she helped set up women's organisations; she acted in Alan Paton's *Cry The Beloved Country*. Running underneath all this is her personal story: the early divorce of her parents, the unhappiness of her first marriage, the separation from her children. Her involvement and her personal story find a single focus in the role of woman and mother. It is as a mother that she sees her sons grow into the South African madness. One of her sons took an interest in literacy campaigns throughout the country and soon found himself in trouble with the authorities: he was detained and then banned to a small town near the Botswana border. The state made him his own policeman, restricted his movements from the town and even sent a policeman to be present at his wedding. This is not even a quarter of the story, in which absurdity is heaped on gross pettiness. Before he was arrested Ellen Kuzwayo worried about her son. There is a deeply ironic moment when the son tells the mother that if he got into trouble for helping to spread literacy then she would be next in line for her social work. She was. Not long afterwards she found herself imprisoned in the Johannesburg Fort, without trial, without accusation. She spent five months there; and her initiation into fighting apartheid was complete.

It is as a woman involved for 30 years in social work that a strange new relationship emerges. She gives a useful account of the unquenchable fighting spirit of women in South Africa: women fighting hunger, resisting police attacks in spite of guns, batons and dogs; the women who have battled for the rehabilitation of rural communities, who campaigned against pass laws, who from little or nothing erected self-

Namara features

Ellen Kuzwayo

New from Al Saqi



Published in France last year and described by *The Middle East* as: 'The best book so far published on Egypt's Islamic movements ... essential reading for anyone interested in the wider "Islamic revival".' Preface by Bernard Lewis.
'... a classic for anyone who wants to understand the assassination of Sadat...'
Le Monde
£5.95 paper • £18.00 cloth

Nawal el-Saadawi
TWO WOMEN IN ONE
This story of a young Egyptian woman and her search for self-fulfilment in a male-dominated society is the story of countless women in the Third World. A powerful novel, which holds out a promise of hope for women everywhere. By the author of *Woman at Point Zero.*
£3.95 • £9.95 cloth

Bernard Lewis
THE ASSASSINS
A history of the secretive Shiite Muslim sect that was the first group in history to make systematic use of murder as a political weapon.
'... learned ... lucid ... elegant.'
The Economist
£4.95 paper

Ahmed Abdalla
THE STUDENT MOVEMENT AND NATIONAL POLITICS IN EGYPT
A first-hand account of student activism in one of the Third World's most important countries.
£8.95 paper • £25.00 cloth

For further details of these and other Al Saqi titles write to:
Al Saqi Books,
26 Westbourne Grove,
London W2 5RH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help projects. It is striking how social work in a bruised, oppressed community elevates the work to a kind of healing: for to be healthy and to have solidarity is to be in a perpetual state of readiness.

It is also as a woman in South Africa that the author's interests have a wider base than Western feminism or black separatism. In South Africa the depth of suffering, of deprivation, make any such separationism not just meaningless but a further addition to the suffering that already exists. And yet the traditional structures of male-centred communities and families are being destroyed: the women have to take the burden of the men's suffering and rage, as well as that of bringing up children. For the women it seems that there are many fronts to fight. It is in this light that the special value of Kuzwayo's book can best be seen. *Call Me Woman* is a generous testament and tribute to black South African women, known and unknown. Women, the author says, seem to take the pressure of South Africa better than the men: there are many women in the pages of this book whose struggles, whose survival under the harshest conditions, are nothing short of miraculous. Christianity seems to have helped a great deal; but what has helped more is the existence of solidarity among women, the profound moral supportiveness: they are their own best friends. The picture is never complete when the women's dimension is left out of the accounts of political and social struggles. It is for this reason that I hope the book won't be read by women alone, for it would mean that only women would know their own contributions and triumphs.

The book is not perfect. It is sometimes too sociologically written and often chronologically confusing. I also get the feeling that the author is not telling one-tenth of what she knows or has experienced: this shows in the wisdom sprinkled throughout the book, the wisdom of age, of having asked a lot of questions and yet of not having dismissed the questions because they have been unanswered for so long. The writing is simple and clear; and the voice of her personality comes across amazingly. I found myself fascinated by some of her sentences: in a description of her secondary education in a repressive Catholic school, she has a line that begins like this: 'No nun participated in sport . . .' And in the midst of terrible circumstances there is often humour.

In crossing boundaries, seeing things across the fence of 'don'ts', Ellen Kuzwayo survives. And to survive, no matter how small the triumphs are, is to give meaning to suffering precisely because the legacy of struggle has been pushed forward. Apartheid South Africa is in its desperate death-throes; the madhouse will collapse because men and women like Kuzwayo, Winnie and Nelson Mandela, and thousands of others refuse to die, refuse to be silent. The fighting will continue on all dimensions till that day of freedom will inevitably arrive. □

Fairy-tale style

Clive Davis

Winnie Mandela: Mother of a Nation
NANCY HARRISON *Gollancz* £8.95

'HE WAS THIRTY EIGHT, six foot three and broadly built, immaculately dressed and self-assured; a sought-after lawyer and a hero to the people. Yet he was human after all for he was to fall in love with a twenty-year-old girl.'

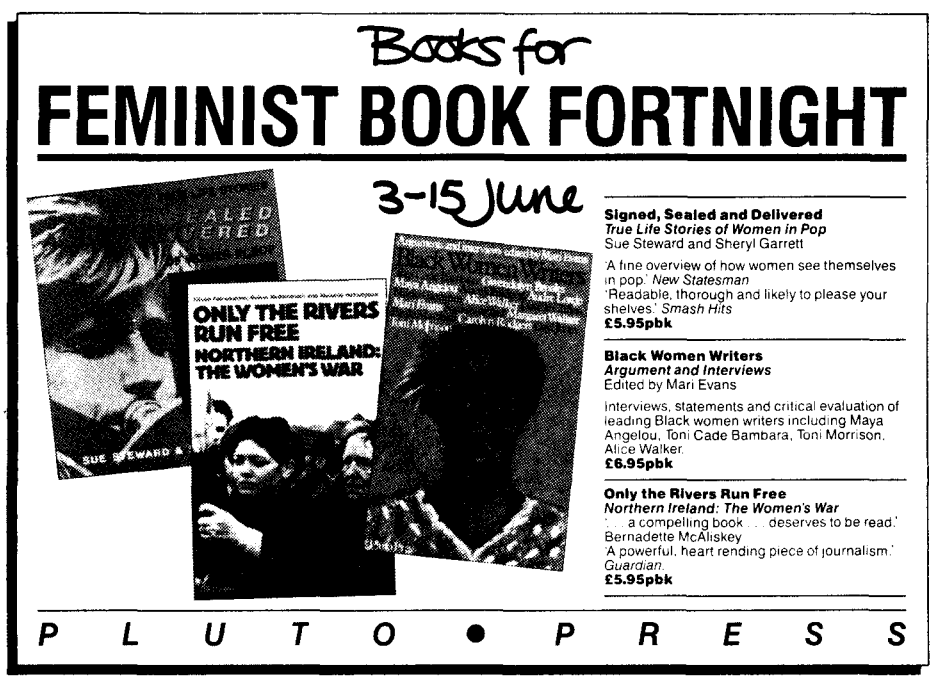
This is Nelson Mandela, as described by Nancy Harrison, shortly before his first meeting with his future wife 30 years ago. Harrison is a former women's editor of the Port Elizabeth *Evening Post*, who is now settled in England. In her epilogue, she candidly admits that she lived most of her life in South Africa without meeting a black person socially. She has brought to this biography the breathless style which is the hallmark of Fleet Street women's journalism at its worst, and which often reduces Winnie Mandela's heroism and fortitude to the level of a Princess Diana fashion feature.

So, we learn that Winnie has a 'graceful posture and erect swinging gait' and that she has 'a flair for dressing with great style and elegance'. She is 'noted for her curries', and her daughter, Zeni, 'was to grow up to marry a prince in true fairy-tale style'. The first few chapters, recording her progress from childhood in the Transkei (barefoot, of course) to her early career in social work in Johannesburg, are padded out with such banalities. Little space is left for speculation about Winnie's private, as opposed to her public life. However, Harrison does evoke the strong influences of family ties. She reminds us that in the 1960s Columbus Madikizela, Winnie's father, became a leading figure in the Government-sponsored regime set up in the Transkei, long before the homeland gained its spurious independence nearly two decades later. The decision caused a rift between father and daughter, although by the time of his death in 1973, Madizikela had come to admit that the Bantustan scheme was little more than a confidence trick.

Some authors might have been tempted to dwell on the psychological effects of such an estrangement. Nancy Harrison moves on quickly to accumulate more domestic detail. All the time, Winnie Mandela's true personality remains elusive. I came to this book believing that she is strong-willed and dedicated to her cause. Harrison does nothing to undermine that opinion. On the other hand, she does little to add to it either. The biography is solidly informative, though, when it turns to the repression that Winnie has faced in the past 20 years. Today, every police move against her is picked up by the media outside South Africa; the hardships endured in the Sixties and early Seventies attracted less publicity. In May 1969 Winnie was detained under the Terrorism act, and spent 17 months in prison, mainly in solitary confinement, before going on trial. When the case came to court, she and the other 18 defendants were promptly discharged for lack of evidence, only to be re-arrested in the courtroom. At the second trial, defence counsel pointed out that 528 of the 540 allegations in the indictment were identical to those at the first hearing. The case was again dismissed.

Events since then — the banning orders, the occasional visits to Nelson Mandela, exile to the remote town of Brandfort in the Orange Free State — are more or less familiar territory. Harrison lists the punishments and restrictions objectively. It is impossible not to be moved by the sheer pettiness of the conditions imposed in exile:

> While shopping in Brandfort one day Winnie was dismayed to see people buying bread by the slice because they could not afford to buy half a loaf. It gave her the idea for her next project. She gathered together a group of women and put her plan to them — she would teach them to bake bread and they could open a bakery. . .


Books for
FEMINIST BOOK FORTNIGHT
3-15 June
ONLY THE RIVERS RUN FREE
NORTHERN IRELAND: THE WOMEN'S WAR
Signed, Sealed and Delivered
True Life Stories of Women in Pop
Sue Steward and Sheryl Garrett
'A fine overview of how women see themselves in pop.' New Statesman
'Readable, thorough and likely to please your shelves.' Smash Hits
£5.95pbk
Black Women Writers
Argument and Interviews
Edited by Mari Evans
Interviews, statements and critical evaluation of leading Black women writers including Maya Angelou, Toni Cade Bambara, Toni Morrison, Alice Walker.
£6.95pbk
Only the Rivers Run Free
Northern Ireland: The Women's War
'... a compelling book ... deserves to be read.' Bernadette McAliskey
'A powerful, heart rending piece of journalism.' Guardian
£5.95pbk
PLUTO • PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Then came the idea for a sewing group which she holds in the nearby Methodist church hall. She is not allowed to demonstrate to a group so she sits in a back room while the women approach her from the hall, one by one, for instruction.

Analysis about the prospects for political change in South Africa is strikingly absent from the pages of this book. Those judgments that are made are superficial re-statements of the ANC line. The Pan-African Congress is dismissed in a few sentences; the same applies to the black consciousness movement.

Ellen Kuzwayo's autobiography makes a point of acknowledging the work of individuals, regardless of their political allegiances. By coincidence, Kuzwayo and Winnie Mandela met as students at a Johannesburg social work college in the early Fifties. Kuzwayo goes to some lengths to describe their friendship. Her name does not appear in Nancy Harrison's biography. □

FICTION

Brute strength

Geoff Dyer

Happy Families
NIGEL GRAY *Macmillan* £8.95
Quinx or The Ripper's Tale
LAWRENCE DURRELL *Faber* £8.95
Horse's Neck
PETE TOWNSHEND *Faber* £6.95
A Glimpse of Sion's Glory
ISABEL COLEGATE *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

ANYONE WHO SAW Nigel Gray on Channel 4's *Comment* a couple of weeks ago might well have thought him a bit of a nutter — but this should not discourage them from reading his important novel. 'If way to the better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst', wrote Hardy; the worst may be still to come, but Gray's vision of the worst in progress is as bleak as Hardy's, the life of his hero as blighted as Jude's.

Savage beatings from his mother and a string of children's homes have left their mark on Paul Greig. By 20 he is swamped by the twin compulsions of misogynistic need: a sexual urge to hurt and humiliate and an exaggerated longing for 'mothering' and 'warm, secure love'. When his lover, Sheila, becomes pregnant they move north where, jobless and penniless, they are squeezed into a corner of despair by hardship and the inflexible administration of the social services. Cutting from Paul's childhood to the present we witness history in the process of repeating itself.

In Gray's world fine feeling is strangled by the lived reality of oppression. Just as Paul and Sheila's yard is poisoned by the reek from the bone-boiling factory, so no area of emotional life is left untainted by the grind of deprivation. Even a sense of community is surrendered to the harshness of the times:

> Our neighbours on the other side pretend we don't exist. They're respectable working-class... The Indian people are a closed community. Occasionally one of them is cornered on his own and beaten up to show that we're more civilised than them.

All sense of community has been boiled down to bare bones by the logic of economic necessity.

Yet this brutal novel is also a work of tenderness. Or perhaps that is not the right word. One of the strengths of Gray's collection of stories, *Life Sentence*, was his talent for maintaining the richness of a working-class narrative voice without succumbing to *Minder*isms or mannered illiteracy. Stylistically more ambitious, **Happy Families** retains that same integrity. And integrity *is* the right word. It flies like a battered standard over the ruination depicted, recording a loss and offering a warning to the future. By way of consolation that is all we are left with.

In some ways there is little point in reviewing **Quinx**: few prospective readers will want to begin with the final instalment of a five-volume sequence and no amount of critical abuse will dissuade those who are four-fifths of the way through from completing their quest for the solution to Durrell's gnostic mysteries — a quest which mirrors Durrell's characters' search for the Templar treasure hidden in an elaborate quincunx of caves. As the fifth volume of a literary quincunx, *Quinx* represents the architectural centre rather than the sequential end-point of the project. The novel's ordering is implicate, a folding in on itself, utterly at odds with page-turning necessity and the 'sullen monorail' of plot.

Quinx resembles the novel planned by Blanford (central character of the quintet) which is to be based on notes he tore up and threw out of a train window. The scraps were blown like confetti to Avignon where they were picked up by gypsy children, collected together and passed on to a bookseller from whom Blanford bought them back. Blanford hopes that all those scraps will form 'a coherent maze of language', that the obscure will become 'slowly invested with meaning', that the novel will be freed from the shackles of causality and become 'a soft-focus palimpset', that...

So it goes on (and on), a bewildering work of centripetal languor, rich in nuance and nonsense. 'Am I talking rubbish?' wonders Blanford on more than one occasion. Possibly — but intoxicatingly.

Judging from **Horse's Neck**, a collection of 13 very short fictional pieces, Pete Townshend's wrist is not as supple when it comes to prose as it was in his guitar-playing days. Each of the stories, says Townshend in his preface, 'deals with one aspect of my struggle to discover what beauty really is', an ambition too weighty to be supported by the contents themselves: a thin mixture of hallucinatory sequences, seedy rock'n'roll naturalism and — bane of contemporary writing — a long monologue from an obsessive liar/detective. 'I can't tell now whether the things I said to her were lies or truth, whether what I write here...' Spare us! No more of these Moranic ravings.

Townshend's writing is uncertain, uneven; good lines and very bad ones come within inches of each other. In places he is feverishly self-indulgent; elsewhere, an over-heavy simplicity goes hand in hand with sentimental yearning ('...lovers would blend smoothly like butter and flour in a roux.'). But there are flashes of inspired writing — a magnificent visionary set-piece when water and boiling fat erupt in a chip shop — that make us await Townshend's future development with interest; so much so that I think in years to come Townshend might well wish that he had kept these late-apprentice pieces in his drawer a little longer.

Two of the three stories in Isabel Colegate's **A Glimpse of Sion's Glory** are telling and perfectly told accounts of personal collapse. 'The Girl Who Had Lived Among Artists' (great title) concerns the arrival in a Bath boarding house of a young bohemian woman in 1938; it is a delicately inflected account of class antagonisms and an effortless depiction of an historical moment. 'Sion's Glory', the story of a Glittering Prizes casualty, displays a similar gift for saturating a personal story with real history without appearing to try to. 'Distant Cousins' is a daft story about space people in Siberia in which considerable skill is used to no effect. □

To be fair

Mark Benney

Lawyers Can Seriously Damage Your Health
MICHAEL JOSEPH *M. Joseph (855 2404)* £3.95

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL in this thoughtful and highly readable book which is not new; but it would be small-minded to criticise its author/publisher simply on this account. The argument for the replacement of the negligence-based English system of personal injury compensation by a system in which accident victims are compensated as of right has been rehearsed on many occasions. Indeed, a Royal Commission under Lord Pearson recommended the establishment of automatic compensation for road accident victims to be funded by road users, either by a levy on petrol or through some form of road tax surcharge. Of course this proposal as it stood left many demands by critics of the existing system unsatisfied. The 1978 Report was roundly criticised for not going far enough.

Michael Joseph, himself a Cambridge-educated solicitor of over 20 years' standing, follows through these standard arguments; he illustrates how the gross anomalies of a fault-

New from University of Queensland Press

BLUE PENCIL WARRIORS
Censorship and Propaganda in World War II
John Hilvert
£16.95 0 7022 1953 3

AUSTRALIAN DEFENCE POLICY IN THE 1980s
Robert O'Neill
£17.95 0 7022 1718 6

Orders to J. M. Dent (Distribution) Ltd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

based system occur not only in road accident cases but also in factory accidents and in cases where individuals, very often children, are injured in a vast range of circumstances.

But the author goes much further than this; he not only covers new ground in the way in which he carries out his inquiry; he arrives at conclusions and makes allegations which appear to have been shied away from in all (or at least most) of the previous academic research into the field.

This may explain why the book seems to have been the victim of some kind of editorial conspiracy (for example in *The Times* and on BBC radio) aimed at minimising the extent to which the ideas expressed in it are publicised. Of course, there will always be scope for condemning as cranks renegade professionals who write and publish books purporting to expose gross incompetence and rank corruption in their own professions.

The most conservative observation in the book is that the work of conducting personal injury litigation within the existing framework could be considerably more efficiently and competently done by RAMS. RAMS is the person with the same status, education and common sense as a Reasonably Alert assistant Manager of a suburban chain Store who has set up in business to do the job of assembling the evidence and presenting personal injury cases in court.

On the other hand, the most extreme suggestion is that the main explanation for the delay and inefficiency of the existing system is bribery and corruption. Joseph says that the reason why solicitors seem consistently to pressurise their clients into accepting inadequate offers of settlement, and why barristers appear to connive in this practice, is that solicitors are bribed by insurance/reinsurance companies. Many barristers 'play the game' by not reading too closely between the lines of their Instructions.

This is a tempting thesis, deserving closer examination. Sadly, the author negates most of the good work by making a suggestion for a 'solution' which, while apparently logical, is totally pie-in-the-sky. The abolition of the entire conveyancing system and the channelling of a proportion of the money saved into a public compensation fund is simply (albeit regrettably) not on the political agenda. It is too radical for any of the leading parties, too commonsensical for any of the 'revolutionary' parties. It is also far too transparently an extension of Joseph's campaign against private conveyancing, first set out cogently and successfully in *The Conveyancing Fraud* (1976). His attempt to provide all the answers lays him open to accusations of quackery from people whose motivations are not quite so praiseworthy. □

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT

Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements, Afro-Asian-Soviet affairs, war, revolution and peace.

We also buy books, pamphlets and periodicals

Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)

Barnes High Street, London SW13 9LR

TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS

Since 1948 a world-wide book service

John Levett

Packed lunches

At one o'clock their tiny plastic chairs
Are stacked into the corners of the hall;
Brown apple cores, dead yoghurts, fibrous pears,
Like fall-out from some harvest festival,
Are scattered arbitrarily between
These ectoplasmic balls of cellophane.

Their lunch boxes are colourful and stuck
With pictures of Darth Vader, Charlie Brown,
With Snoopy in the doghouse, Donald Duck,
And Jedi in a blaze of silicone;
They tremble on their hinges or fall off,
Indignant ghosts of bright, adhesive fluff.

No space trips for their owners, no escapes,
No lighting out for some deserted star,
And trapped within their own instinctive shapes,
How gravely burdened, vulnerable they are
These sullen, antiseptic Aprils when
Grey cloud reflects the playground's bitumen.

Why Jimmy left an orange, why Yvonne
Had snapped her water biscuit into three,
Why Susan shared her chocolate with John
But John would not share his with Rosemary;
Such mild enigmas surface and half-form
And tease us in the muddle of this room
With all the little treacheries to come.

Maurice Riordan

The ladder

Each year a foal was born my father stuck
the mess of clearings on a length of furze,
then draped them from a rafter in the shed
beyond the reach of cats and predators.

Why he did this nobody cared to ask.
It seemed he had a notion the array
of skins — as unsightly as hanging bats —
kept count of all the foals born in his day.

Yet he'd not expect anyone to count,
for he was well aware a time would come
when the rafter would give and, at a loss,
the workmen might throw the lot on the dung.

But they are still there obscured now with webs
and swallow droppings, of no consequence
to man or beast, feeding only the weevil
or whatever's nourished in such silence.

I've poked a chance stick into the shed's gloom
and have, accidentally, dislodged the crust
of one: which scarcely disturbs the shy foal
curiously alive in morning frost

nor wakes my father's heart at such a moment
nor tells me who I am, yet I invent
a treacherous ladder and duly hang
the afterbirth where it seems to belong.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

Backing into the Limelight: A Biography of T. E. Lawrence

MICHAEL YARDLEY *Harrap* £12.95

The click and flash of the T. E. Lawrence Lantern Lecture in Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On* accompanied me well into this book, published 50 years (and almost as many biographies) after the death of its subject. There is even a schoolchum in the first chapter called CFC 'Scroggs' Beeson. Yet even for the *après*-Bennett generation, which finds it difficult to be entirely serious about Ned (as his family called him), Lawrence is an important figure for the role he played in shaping the political history of the Middle East in this century.

Michael Yardley is a graduate of the Bernard Crick school of biography which nets the subject in a carefully woven mesh of verifiable fact rather than attempting to conjure up the ineffable soul of the hero. This makes for good, sound, level-headed narrative — which is what Yardley has given us — but leaves the reader to ask the old-fashioned questions about motivation: what was Lawrence like and why did he behave in the way that he did? Yardley has at least given us the materials to frame an answer in a book that is neither romanticised twaddle nor gratuitous debunking.

Lawrence was illegitimate, misogynist, sado-masochistic, brave, intelligent, unconventional, well-connected, an unreliable witness, self-aggrandising and self-abasing by turns, shy of the legend of Lawrence of Arabia at the same time as he connived at its confection. Yardley suggests that it was guilt at having let the Arabs down that drove him to belittle himself and to plunge himself into the lower ranks of the army and airforce after his 'uncrowned king of the desert' role.

But, given his consistent position as a loyal agent of British imperial policy, could he ever have satisfied longer term Arab aspirations to national self-determination? Yardley says that Lawrence 'was one of those primarily responsible for the British legacy of confusion in the Middle East', motivated as much by a desire to roll back the Turks, smack the French in the eye and preserve British interests, as to uphold the autonomy of the Arab states. It was a fellow of All Souls on that camel.

The role of T. E. in Middle Eastern diplomacy is now the really interesting question about Lawrence rather than his odd personal habits. Oh, and yes, he did hire a young Scotsman to flog him in the privacy of a cottage deep in Dorset and liked driving powerful motorcycles at high speed.

Nicholas Murray

Selections from George Eliot's Letters

ed. GORDON S. HAIGHT *Yale* £25

For George Eliot, having a prodigious mind was no substitute for love and companionship. 'Those who know me well,' she wrote, 'have always said that if ever I loved anyone thoroughly my whole life must turn upon that feeling.' In her mid-twenties she began living with George Henry Lewes and it was the experience of their life together which enabled her to turn her exceptional powers of observation to the service of fiction.

Gordon Haight's selection of her letters from his nine-volume edition shows just how different George Eliot is from the way we imagine her. Here we meet the vulnerable, dotty human being behind the superbrain. Clear-sighted accounts of dazzling soirées, hearing Liszt or Dickens, can suddenly give place to desperate attempts to find a servant to cope with the grim task of feeding Mr Lewes who is 'stupid of palate ... and, among his other eminences, eminently dyspeptic'. We glimpse Henry James's 'great horse-faced blue-stocking' but also a deeply passionate woman. And her Evangelical conscience and sense of duty also admitted the duty 'of doubting everything to the disadvantage of another until demonstration comes'.

Her contemporaries misunderstood her. Haight suggests, for instance, that her radical friends who approved of her living with Lewes but were shocked by her marriage to John Cross underestimated her fundamental conservatism. But, as she wrote to a friend, 'We are quite unable to represent ourselves truly — why should we complain that our friends see a false image?'

Alan Hurst

London under London: A Subterranean Guide

RICHARD TRENCH & ELLIS HILLMAN *John Murray* £14.95

Sewers are symbolic. They silently get on with their dirty work, removing waste products, below the surface of civilisation. They are the parts we do not talk about.

They spawn modern urban folklore: in 18th-century London it was believed the sewers were inhabited by grossly fat pigs, living wild. When there was a New York fad for baby alligators as pets, people flushed them down the lavatory when they grew too big. Rumours spread that giant alligators were breeding down there. The latest New York myth concerns marijuana seeds. There is thought to be a super-strong variety of 'grass' growing underground, known as 'Subway silver'. Unfortunately, nobody can get at this valuable crop because it is guarded by alligators.

This fascinating book invites comparison with Doré's *London* and Mayhew (both of which are drawn on) as a cornucopia of well-researched, frequently bizarre facts, superbly illustrated. It combines history, geography, industrial archaeology and social development, illumined by literary references.

This book is about gas, water, electricity and the complex history which intertwined them beneath the streets, about the digging of tunnels for pedestrians and Tube trains (a baby girl born on the Tube was christened Thelma Ursula Beatrice Ethel), about commercial competition, the forces and services which shape our daily lives.

The authors have a sharp ear for the words of ordinary people who work underground. The record shows setbacks and disasters: workmen got killed as they do on heavy construction work now; there are several sad stories of premature inventions whose value was not recognised. On the bright side, however, old technology is serving new uses: old cast-iron pipes now house optical fibre cables.

Valerie Grosvenor Myer

Reading and Righting

ROBERT LEESON *Collins* £6.95 & £4.95

Robert Leeson sets out with an admirable purpose: to look at the historical and social perspective of children's literature. How did it all start? What kind of morality has helped shape children's fiction? What kind of people?

Mr Leeson makes a convincing case for his hypothesis that, with the coming of print, literature lost its social breadth and popularity. Citing example after example (often to the dismay of the reader), he shows how all published writing was concerned solely with middle-class values and interests. It was not until the second half of this century, he says, when schools and libraries began to look for books that met the demands of readers from all social groups, that literature began to recover some of its universal qualities.

It is certainly true that schools are only too aware of the problems caused by 'reluctant' readers. Whether their reluctance stems from the same cause as that expounded by Mr Leeson cannot be proved with any certainty. However, as the author of the popular Grange Hill school stories, he obviously knows what he is talking about when he says that the future of children's literature lies in the coming together of librarian, child, teacher, parent and author. The writer, he says, must keep the reader constantly in mind. Authors must get to know their audience — by talking to children in libraries, by taking part in the Writers in Schools scheme. He argues for a narrative style that will rivet the audience, not the award panel.

Nobody would deny the need for children's writing to take into account the changes in our society — social, ethnic and sexist. But it is too simplistic to argue that 'middle-class' books have no interest for children of a different background. *Jennings at School* is currently undergoing a revival and what could be more middle-class than that? Mr Leeson does not really come to grips with the fundamental questions involved. Why is it that some of the classics transcend class and century? Are good children's books simply great literature or are they books that both adults and children like? Can we apply the same critical criteria to children's fiction as we do to adults'? If you are looking for the answers to this kind of question, you will be disappointed.

Julia Hagedorn

Glimpses of the Great

A. L. ROWSE *Methuen* £12.50

The trouble with A. L. Rowse is that he is an insufferable egotist. He thinks he is and knows the best. This conviction characterises his Shakespearean scholarship which brooks no criticism. Yet, while his intellectual snobbery, apparent on virtually every page of these gossipy recollections of friends and acquaintances (Russell, Keynes, Attlee, Evelyn Waugh among them), is so infuriating, it also makes what he writes worth reading: it is provocative and entertainingly outrageous. The reader must just make sure that a pinch of salt is always conveniently at hand.

His range of acquaintance has been wide: from All Souls in Oxford, a hub of power and influence, he has been witness to the comings and goings of the good, the not-so-good and the great. How one longs for some of his subjects, or victims rather, to resurrect themselves and answer him back. Goronwy Rees receives much bitchy venom undoubtedly because, at base, he opposed Rowse's candidature for the Wardenship of his beloved All Souls.

These reminiscences are forthright and opinionated. On H. G. Wells Rowse comments, 'Even Rebecca, years after her disillusioning experience with him, wrote of him as "master of his time". Well, he wasn't.' Cyril Connolly and Orwell wrote each other up in the literary papers: Connolly 'suffered from over-indulgence' and 'never tackled a solid piece of work'.

Rowse has no compassion nor humility, although extremely industrious and clever. His inflated sense of his own worth is nowhere more apparent than in his estimation of his poetry. He attributes his neglect as a poet to a conspiracy of Cyril Connolly and 'still more third-rate reviewers of the TLS and the media'. Could it possibly be that we hacks have judged his poetry as precious and just not good enough; and perhaps we are right?

Brian Martin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

Skaters on thin ice

John Coleman

Isabelle Huppert's Viviane and Thierry Lhermitte's Pascal indicating the state of play

My Best Friend's Girl (15)
Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road
The Breakfast Club (15)
Plaza
Old Enough (PG)
Academy Two
The Innocent (15)
Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Avenue
Steaming (18)
Classics, Haymarket, Chelsea and Tottenham Court Road; Odeon, Kensington
The Element of Crime (15)
Electric Screen

WHEN COMPASSIONATELY asked by a do-gooder how she got to be that way, the prostitute is said to have responded, 'Just lucky, I guess'. Something of the insouciance of this old gag, and even a re-write of the gag itself, inform Bertrand Blier's ski-slope but less than snow-white comedy, **My Best Friend's Girl**, co-scripted with Gérard Brach and toying very Frenchly with notions of a *ménage à trois*. Into the ten-year-old amity of a couple of bachelors, handsome Pascal (Thierry Lhermitte) and pudgy, older Micky (Coluche) in their adjoining chalets high up on the slopes, irrupts the latest of Pascal's pick-ups, Viviane (Isabelle Huppert), a tarty free spirit, all high heels and low morals. The initial state of play is fairly indicated as the younger man rouses his protesting pal early morning to come over and inspect her slumbering near-nudity. It's love, he says, after which they learn each other's names and Pascal trots off to his ski-wear shop, leaving trusted Micky to make the unruffled beauty breakfast in bed. Micky has been here before, warns 'It'll end in tears', but — this time — speaks better than he knows.

He falls for flirtatious Viviane in turn, a novel departure, while affecting to despise her looseness; is dumfounded when she amiably offers herself; has a monologue in a bar about the virtues of being a bastard; and, Pascal away in Paris, finally does the deed. Coluche shows a nice range as the besotted tormented slob and Huppert not only flaunts capriciously in her black lingerie and furs, a mini-Dietrich at moments, but catches the emotional muddlement of where her whimsies lead her. There are delightful little scenes: Micky's rage as the trio lunch outside and passing skiers keep wishing them *'Bon appétit'*; his petulant, exigent invalidism when ordered three months' rest (his sickness is passion), calling for an encephalogram, one of Viviane's pillows; Viviane's frenetic hoovering in a lacy slip. The piece lacks consistency of comic tone, the sustained whackiness of those Thirties Hollywood farces it sometimes seems to be aiming for, but is pleasantly inventive, finding its own queer pitch in a bruised happy ending.

Co-produced, written and directed by John Hughes, **The Breakfast Club** is *very* American, part of that sub-genre which herds a group of people together in a confined space for a limited time and has them taunt one another into new alignments, agonised confessions. Apart from an interlude which might have come out of *Fame*, cavorting to loud rock, this account of five Chicago high school kids (2f, 3m), of assorted backgrounds and intelligence serving out a Saturday detention in a huge library under a smart aleck master is mostly entertaining, excellently well played, with the speed of the dialogue (and of the experienced Dede Allen's editing) skating one over the more numbing clichés.

Bender (Judd Nelson), as the professional, underprivileged bad boy, is prime goad to the others: prom queen Claire (Molly Ringwald), athlete Andrew (Emilio Estevez), brainy Brian (Anthony Michael Hall) and mute, kooky Allison (Ally Sheedy). The day wearing on, they kick around virginity, class, machismo and — of course — lack of accord with parents. Bender's bravado gets called out by the athlete, as well as by the sad-sadistic teacher, who has problems of his own, discussed with the wiser janitor. Inevitably, he fascinates Claire with his foul mouth and sexual jeers. Brian develops from puny boasts about belonging to the Physics and Maths Clubs into a kind of confidence, telling about the gun in his locker, a baleful story that ends with them all giggling. Allison breaks silence every now and then, as others might break wind, to shock the lot of them, probably never more so than when she crunches on a salt-and-popcorn sandwich.

Come to think of it, there is another abominable false note when this obviously attractive girl is, late on, made up by Claire, to emerge looking like a beribboned doll and quite bowl over the jock, Andrew: that the intention here is ironical (i.e. she conforms now to his norm of pretty) seems doubtful. In admiring much of this enterprise, it may be that one is rather wondering at the skill with which it seduces, wearing old hat at a rakish new angle. Certainly it abounds in cracking lines and visual business. Even more, those deservedly named young actors play their stuff as if they inhabit it.

Of the two lasses in Marisa Silver's **Old Enough** this is importantly true. A first film written and directed by the daughter of Joan Micklin Silver, it furnishes an engagingly honest account of an unlikely friendship struck up during the summer holiday between two New York teenagers, candid-faced Lonnie, 12¾ and upper-middle-class, and the much more grown-up-looking, street-wise Karen (14), whose pa is a janitor. Sarah Boyd and Rainbow Harvest are the schoolgirls who bring authenticity to every gesture and expression as they explore, with often aghast fascination, each

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Amadeus Peter Shaffer's rich, vulgar and potent fantasy about mediocrity's revenge on genius, sumptuously directed by Milos Forman, with F. Murray Abraham outstanding as Salieri and Mozart's music cascading from the screen.

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Beverly Hills Cop Brilliant young Eddie Murphy (*48 HRS, Trading Places*) hoists workaday hunt-the-cocaine thriller into compulsive viewing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other's world and personality. The detail is exquisite, from Lonnie's brownstone house made over inside into a white-on-white machine for parentally preoccupied living, to the dreadfully wrong clobber Karen wears when invited to a smart dance for kids. Unassuming and not to be missed.

John Mackenzie's **The Innocent**, set back in the Yorkshire Dales in 1932, again has an excellent central performance by a youngster, Andrew Hawley, as the epileptic son of an unemployed mill-worker, as well as playing beyond the call of duty from such as Kika Markham, Miranda Richardson, Tom Bell and Liam Neeson, but Ray Jenkins's script seems so concerned to pack in sex, trouble at t'mill, Great War after-effects and a *Kes* kingfisher for the lad that it ends up nowhere special. Joseph Losey had, at best, a formidable talent: kindest, then, to pass over his version of Nell Dunn's **Steaming**, baroque and theatrical to a fazing degree: no fun at the Baths tonight. Alas, too, that this was our last sight of Diana Dors, dignified but wasted. Lars von Trier's **The Element of Crime** is a prurient art movie, with Michael Elphick lurching through sepia and red wastelands photographed from a record number of nonsensical angles. □

THEATRE

Dispatches from the sex war

Benedict Nightingale

Strippers
PETER TERSON *Phoenix*
The Dance of Death
STRINDBERG *Riverside*

THE PROTESTING feminists had evaporated by the time I caught **Strippers**, so there was no in-depth debate to be held on the Soho sidewalks by way of curtain-raiser to the play proper. What I would have pointed out, as I listened to Women Against Violence Against Women, is that Peter Terson is actually a dramatist of unimpeachable if sometimes unsophisticated integrity. Again and again he's looked at those whose energies aren't easily absorbed into a dull and enervating society — the fanatic football followers, the reform-school boys, the restless apprentices in the factory yard — and seen people where others would find louts, yobs, hooligans. If anyone wants to understand *why* fans were killed in Brussels the other day, instead of just rage and threaten, they might start by reading Terson's *Zigger Zagger*, or indeed several other of his plays. If I had to pick a male dramatist to look sympathetically at the lives behind the leopard-skin G-strings — and maybe only a female one could do so adequately — he would be somewhere at the top of my list.

Yet there's something about *Strippers* that leaves me, too, a bit uneasy. Is it that we occasionally see the women of the title going languidly about their business? Perhaps — though the play could be accused of evasiveness if we didn't, and the routines themselves aren't especially torrid or horrid. Or is it that Terson displays moral indecisiveness when he contemplates what would appear to be the only growth industry in the North-East? Most of the time he seems to regard his strippers as enterprising lasses, pluckily defying convention in order to do that difficult thing, make a living and support their loved ones. But towards the end the most experienced of them delivers a little homily to the callow young protagonist, who has started earning the family bread onstage while her unemployed husband is unwillingly baking it back in the kitchen. Stripping, it seems, is a dangerous job and also a sad one: the logical expression of a society which, as someone else says, is content to strip communities of their places of work, people of their jobs and self-respect.

Terson has always been the sort of playwright who presents rather than ruminates. Perhaps he should have been satisfied to do just that here, too, and left us in the audience to sort out the ambiguities of his evidence. As it is, his rumination lacks a dimension or two — what does he think, for instance, of the argument that striptease encourages men to see women as scarcely animate sex-vessels and use them accordingly? Nor is his presentation of character as vivid and vibrant as it has sometimes been in the past. That warmth, that humour, that unassuming charity of his are all there in the play, but they're apt to turn sentimental, most obviously when an already implausible flirtation between a stripper and an artless punter suddenly careers into a totally unbelievable marriage. Yet does the result merit a picket-line outside the Phoenix? Hardly. The male characters — a lubricious comedian, the husband who damns his wife for doing no more than he's happy to watch less 'nice' girls doing, the unseen creeps in those 'wanking men's clubs' — come off far less well than the strippers themselves. The play is no act of misogyny; rather, it's a cordial if somewhat hamfisted tribute to one of the more despised of British sub-classes.

If you want misogyny at its most unabashed, you should of course start your quest with Strindberg's *Father*, which describes a wife's mental, emotional and physical destruction of her husband, and *Miss Julie*, in which a similarly power-hungry female takes on a man rather more resourceful than herself and gets her comeuppance. His **Dance of Death** is a later work, and perhaps a bit more indiscriminately paranoid. In the first half, which dates from 1901, Alice doesn't seem a lot less sour, mean-spirited, self-pitying, rancorous and vindictive than her husband Edgar; and in the second, which Strindberg composed in 1905, she might almost be described as sympathetic, or at least averagely wicked where he's downright evil. It's he who evolves from an everyday swine into a full-blooded ogre, he who pursues a merciless vendetta against the old friend who has presumed to make mild passes at his spouse, he whose last-gasp defeat and subsequent death leave you with a feeling most unusual for Stringberg, that you've just witnessed a happy ending. When Alice greets his fatal stroke with undisguised glee, hits him in the face and amiably threatens to tear the tongue from his mouth — well, it's less a judgment on what she is than on what he's done and made her become.

Frances de la Tour and Alan Bates are in the opposite corners of the Riverside ring, she sullen and bored, bleating out querulous recriminations in that stricken sheep's voice of hers, he mottled and coarse, the sort of man who looks sweaty even when he isn't actually sweating and sounds vaguely malicious even when malice has momentarily deserted him. That reading is not wrong, but maybe not quite right enough, not if we're to give proper weight to the violence of the language E.A. Whitehead has so adroitly translated, not if we're to believe Strindberg's own remarks on the characters. 'A refined demon,' he reportedly said of Edgar. 'Evil shines out of his eyes, which sometimes flash with a glint of satanic humour. His face is bloated with liquor and corruption, and he so relishes saying bad things that he almost sucks them, tastes them, rolls them around his tongue before spitting them out.'

Bates is bloated and bad all right, but you couldn't call his swagger of contempt satanic, you couldn't say he is exactly gormandising on malice. The object of Keith Hack's production, the reason it's relatively so muted, is (I suspect) to suggest that it isn't just Strindbergian marriages that are morally ruinous to men and women. Plenty of less obvious, less spectacular disasters are recorded in Somerset House. But the problem with the production, the reason it's a little disappointing, is that this marriage *is* Strindbergian — and we don't fully feel it. □

MUSIC

Pure and simple

Andrew Clements

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli
Barbican

MICHELANGELI last visited London in 1982, playing the Ravel G major Piano Concerto in the Festival Hall with Celibidache and the London Symphony and giving a solo recital of two Beethoven sonatas and the first book of Debussy's Preludes. That was my first encounter in the concert hall with a pianist long admired on records and profoundly impressive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was, a demonstration of keyboard control and range of colour that only one or two other living pianists could approach. When he came to the Barbican for two recitals last week he brought Debussy again, this time the second book of *Preludes*, but coupled it with four pieces of Chopin in a programme that on paper at least seemed lacking in focus or genuine musical weight.

There is no doubting Michelangeli's absolute authority in Debussy; the aquatints and pastel portraits of the Preludes suit him perfectly. There is more robustness to be discovered in some of the pieces than he allows, and a pianist of equal technical gifts willing to impose himself more upon them might produce a more rounded performance; how much one would give to hear Sviatoslav Richter play them in concert — a faded recording of the second book is tantalising. But Michelangeli's fastidious selection of colours and textures, his restrained use of rubato and overt 'expressivity' are spellbinding; one could not hope to hear more perfectly poised accounts of movements such as 'Bruyères' and 'Ondine', greater concentration in 'La terrasse des audiences' or 'Canope', more fluent virtuosity in 'Feux d'artifice'. The lack of broad humour in the caricatures of 'General Lavine' and 'Homage to S. Pickwick' seemed to me the only possible criticism one could be justified in making of such peerless playing.

The Chopin, though, was rather different. A record of Michelangeli playing Chopin appeared some years ago (and has lately been transferred to compact disc), in which some beautifully shaded mazurkas rubbed shoulders with less successful versions of bigger pieces. Two of those were included in the Barbican programme, the G minor *Ballade* and B flat minor *Scherzo*, and suggested to me both the strengths and weaknesses of Michelangeli's artistry. It is too easy to write him off as an exquisite miniaturist and to find his performances of large-scale movements lacking in tension and coherence. The G minor *Ballade* was undoubtedly cool, short on dramatic tension and contained the only technical lapses of the evening. Yet a piece as structurally complex as the F minor *Fantasia* was much more successful, neatly proportioned and moulded, and the B flat minor *Scherzo* very fine indeed, with tingling accuracy in the passage work that accrued tension on its own account.

That indicates at least one possible explanation for the hit-and-miss effect of the bigger pieces; that Michelangeli is much more comfortable when he can articulate his performances through technical means, when the sheer brilliance of his fingers can generate the excitement for him. There seems to be an aristocratic disdain for becoming personally involved in the music-making, so that in an obviously egocentric piece like the *Ballade*, which requires larger-than-life projection through the imagination of its interpreter, Michelangeli stands off; nor does he compensate for this, as an equally refined pianist like Pollini does, by imposing an intellectual rigour upon the music. It might account too for the strange coarsening of tone which cropped up in both the *Ballade* and the mazurka which he supplied as an encore, when the crystalline purity deserted him and was replaced by rough, shallow sound as if striving for a rhetorical effect he felt unwilling to make by gestures alone.

No doubt his choice of repertory — exceptionally limited — reflects his approach, and no doubt that works like the Chopin pieces point up its shortcomings. In earlier music, even up to late Beethoven, he can sustain himself on classical purity and clearly limned structures; an old recording of the C minor *Sonata Op 111* demonstrates that. It makes his live appearances even more fascinating, for records are very few and give less away; and there always remains the simple fact that no one else can make such a thing of beauty out of the Chopin *Andante spianato* as he did, decorating it with quite extraordinary delicacy and tact. □

ARCHITECTURE

Profit motive

Jules Lubbock

NO ONE, YET, has talked about money — about the money Mr Palumbo would have made had he been granted planning permission to build the 290ft.6in. Mies van der Rohe tower in the heart of the City of London. But first I want to examine the report of Stephen Marks, the Inspector who conducted the inquiry.

Mr Marks has sifted the evidence with great insight and focused upon issues that seemed subsidiary at the time. He sets aside the heated arguments about the aesthetic merits of the threatened buildings and of the Mies design. One ought not to place undue emphasis, he says, on buildings as works of art. This damaged Mr Palumbo's case far more than that of the conservationists since it was just the emphasis made by the posse of architects rounded up by his chum Richard Rogers to prove that the Mies tower and its square would enhance the character of the area.

For everything turned upon the Civic Amenities Act, 1967, and subsequent legislation as interpreted by the DOE policy document 23/77 (produced by Labour governments) which requires local authorities to designate conservation areas of 'special architectural and historic interest the character and appearance of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance'.

This does not prevent new developments, but they must be in harmony. Since Mr Palumbo's scheme lay in a conservation area his witnesses, particularly Richard Rogers, were rather foolish to describe the site as 'a confused meeting of roads rooted in the arbitrary arrangements of the past', which must be demolished if the area were to be enhanced. The Inspector drily observed that this was to misunderstand the character of the City — and of all cities, one might add. He was persuaded by the arguments of Mr Ashley Barker for the GLC and Mr Roy Worskett for the City Corporation that the special character and interest lay in the variety of corner buildings created by the convergence of seven roads at the hub of the City, over which three monuments of great state and civic significance preside: the Mansion House, the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, to which the threatened buildings were duly subservient. But the Mies tower, enthroned in its new square, would eclipse and overpower these monuments, which would be forced to pay their homage to the new building. It would also obliterate the fine view of St Paul's linking the commercial and ecclesiastical centres of the City.

In short, Mr Palumbo's pretensions as a great patron of architecture were unmasked as a plot to hijack the heart of London. It was more than an issue of decorum; it was a struggle for power and for its symbols.

One might conclude that Mr Palumbo is a rather silly man, but that would be to ignore the calculations upon which he based his gamble. Those features of his scheme that led to its refusal would have provided the corporate identity to attract 'tenants the world over', to quote his estate agent, to set new records for City rents and, hence, the highest value for the building.

Some estimates suggest that he might have created an asset worth £160m. and reaped a development profit of £60m. Were he now to obtain permission for a new building on the site, in harmony with its surroundings and subservient to the monuments, it could be worth £115m. with a more customary profit of £20m. To rehabilitate the existing buildings could provide an asset of £85m. and a profit of £15m. So it was a gamble worth taking for what would have been the most valuable office building in the world.

This also puts the architecture of Mies van der Rohe and of the Modernist school in a new light. Far from being a socialist style it is the efficient instrument for transforming public assets into private profits for clients with prime sites. As Mies used to say, 'less is more' — and no developer would disagree.

Finally there is Mrs Thatcher's intervention. Mr Palumbo has long enjoyed open-sesame at Downing St. Hearing rumours in January of the Inspector's findings he appealed for help. In she charged with the cry of 'Conservation has gone too far' — a slogan put in her mouth by the leader of the tear-down-and-rebuild school, my old friend Mr Manser, President of the RIBA. But such was her ignorance of planning law, which dictates that the Sec. of State alone must decide, that she laid open a decision in Palumbo's favour to being challenged in the High Court. The press revelled in her blunder, and Jenkin was free to distance himself from her and from her client.

Palumbo's error was to have played the bigshot by going to the top. And hers? In 1983/4 Mr Palumbo's company gave the Tories £11,000, a mere ⅓% of his annual return on his prospective profit. This exposes our Prime Minister as a financial numskull as well as the puppet of modernist architects and property developers. But there is a different way of looking at it. In 1711 the downfall of the Whig administration was brought about over their rewarding the Duke of Marlborough with the gift of another great building, Blenheim Palace, and assorted public benefactions totalling a mere £½m, say £25m in today's money. What Blenheims, I wonder, has Mr Palumbo fought and won for our nation that our Prime Minister should have regarded him as the worthy recipient of such extravagant bounty? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nick Duffy

Beyond the roadblocks

Jonathan Falla

1981: I'D NEVER been to Africa before. The idea faintly bored me; lots of zebras and wildebeest, no doubt, but my interest in game was slight. There'd be none of that high-octane culture I'd thrived on in Asia. Furthermore, Uganda Airlines' Nairobi-Entebbe flight was two hours late.

'They're probably looking for some petrol,' griped an English banker. 'Or the aeroplane,' sighed his pal. 'No, that's just round the corner; came last night. Usual story; the pilot gets so pissed they don't see him before ten. For a so-called international bloody airline. . . '

It was also called Magendo Airlines, *magendo* meaning black market. The banker offered me a place on a charter flight, $70 return. 'It goes when we say go,' he stabbed, 'and go is what we ought to do, all of us, UN, aid agencies, finance, the lot. Leave them to rot in their own hell for six months.'

A fair hell it sounded. Amin was gone but Milton Obote was fast proving himself Big Idi's equal. The official opposition was daily crushed further underfoot. The unofficial opposition blew up Kampala's generators by night. A large tract of the country was starving, which was why I'd come. Thus much I'd learned in England.

Things improved in the air, in a pleasant little Fokker high over Lake Victoria. Times were hard; the in-flight snack was a dry roll and a banana. But I cheered up and drifted peaceably off to sleep.

Collected from Entebbe in the agency pickup, I was introduced to roadblocks. The first was police, and they only wanted a lift into Kampala for 'a fellow officer'. The second was Tanzanian army. Alice, my Buganda escort, refused to speak Swahili so we were searched thoroughly. The third was Ugandan troops, and perfunctory.

'Roadblocks are a way of paying the soldiers', Alice said. 'At night the soldiers are scared and hide in the bushes. The "block" is a stick across the tarmac. If you don't see it and don't stop, they shoot.'

We drove to a villa, base camp for itinerant expatriates involved in Uganda's mess. Aid teams, United Nations, a reporter from Swedish television who'd lost his cameraman. Beautiful gardens, a parrot, an armed policeman at the gate. 'He'd be the first to run,' they said.

At other Embassies, extra grilles and fences were being installed; the British put up engagement photos of Charles and Diana. There were rumours of an American evacuation plan.

I registered, then went for my first stroll in Africa. Most shops were closed, many were burnt out. A few struggled. Police and troops were everywhere, all with automatic weapons, each with four or five clips of ammunition held together with rubber bands.

Near the bus terminal a police Landrover had been stopped by soldiers in red berets. A crowd spectated from a 'safe' distance, the passers-by turning to watch, quiet but poised, moving slowly closer. Then, a single shot; flight reflexes in unison, the formerly upright crowd went past me at a slope, running. The moment passed; I didn't look back.

Throughout the afternoon someone in Stockholm kept calling the Swede, but he was at Entebbe airport looking for his cameraman. At 6.30 the cameraman phoned, alarmed. They'd missed each other, it was getting dark and no one in their right mind went out after dark in Kampala. George, the agency field officer, declared that we'd go and get him, touting for company by calling the exploit 'short and dodgy'.

We left at 7.45, passing the old Kotolo airstrip. Several roadblocks, nervous soldiers in the dark. George invariably called 'Good evening, how are you?' and we were invariably waved through. We found the cameraman and loaded him in, all of us quietly dropping things, jumpy. Back past a few drunks, and the first roadblock.

'Good evening, how are you? We are going home.'

'What are you carrying?'

'A friend and his suitcase. Nothing more.' The enormous TV camera crouched in the dark between our legs. We drove alongside the airstrip, slowing towards the next roadblock — and then we were being shot at, bullets coming out of the dark across the grass. George hesitated, uncertain whether to risk being fired on from the roadblock as well by accelerating away. But the soldiers, scared witless, yelled, 'Go on, go on!' which we did.

The cameraman's boss arrived home just behind us in a Landrover with drilled windows. The cameraman had, by great foresight, brought us a bottle of whisky. I began to wonder whether seats were still available on the banker's return charter flight. All night there was sporadic gunfire, rain, squealing cars and lightning.

I did fly next day. George took me right across Uganda in a little four-seat Cessna. At 7,000 feet, features have features, not merely form. I could lean out and shake the farmers' hands. Uganda was displayed to me, battered but still fertile, its superstructure gone beserk but its heart still beating — even if survival meant selling the coffee *magendo*. We came to a game park, flying low, startling out from under the trees all those animals I thought lived in Hollywood — lions, buck, zebras and elephants. I'd imagined them to have all been slaughtered but here they were, and the famine-struck region looked as green as green. I'd never seen anything quite so lovely.

Clearly, Africa was going to take some getting used to. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naseem Khan

Mellow drama

TWO scenarios: *A husband returns home to find his devoted wife is unaccountably missing. Eventually he discovers her, by chance, in a brothel. She kills herself to prove her innocence. Realising he has made a terrible mistake, he goes out of his mind.*
A fashionable courtesan has a stroke and all her fair-weather friends desert her. When a thief breaks in, nothing is left to steal. Instead he and the courtesan talk, find common ground and decide to marry. But she dies first.

Abduction, prostitution, lunacy and death — it's a strong mixture. Too strong maybe, I asked Giresh Desai who'd come over from India to adjudicate this national competition for Gujarati drama groups in Britain. Not at all, he said firmly: the Indian audience is, he added, warm-hearted and emotional. As in all the world, 'intellectual appeal is a bit slow. Emotion is faster'. And moreover, he went on, they had to have good, solid, positive themes. Put Beckett or Stoppard down in Bombay, he said, and they'd get nowhere. 'We have a purpose; we have a religion.' Nihilism is out.

To be truthful, featuring these particular one-act plays is not utterly fair. Not all the plays in the fourth annual Gujarati drama contest, held in London's Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, were as tragic as these. The bulk of the other seven were social drawing-room comedies, laughs with a moral underneath (and not that far underneath).

Guju Prasad in Leicester's *Kalyug* (evil days) has a close shave when he tries to pass off a wallet he's found as being his own, and not that of the comic Parsee, its real owner. Mulraj Rajda's *Misunderstanding* uses a trusty device — Premlal and Preeti, rehearsing a romantic play, are overheard by her sister-in-law who jumps to wrong conclusions; confusion ensues. The comedy is broad, the come-uppance a foregone conclusion.

At the end of four days' drama came the judging. The groups were lucky in their adjudicator. The danger of any amateur drama is complacency — true from Gujarat to Godalming. And the array of plaques, statuettes, medals and prizes presented by local businessmen (evidence of sponsorship Gowrie would have praised) meant that hardly any of the contenders need go home empty-handed. Indeed an argument could easily have been made for indiscriminate praise. 'We see this competition,' said Ashwin Patel, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's drama director, 'as an act of encouragement.' Nobody was turned away who wanted to perform (although if all the original 22 who had asked for details had stayed the course, some sort of vetting would have proved necessary). Given such a context, it would have been all too easy to let the spirit of self-congratulation flourish. Giresh Desai was however too sensible and too professional to go along with that. His hour-long adjudication was an object lesson in how to combine home truths with humour. Few groups completely escaped. A tall, scraggy, slightly raffish-looking man in the David Niven manner, Desai has a long history to draw on — 28 years in Bombay's Gujarati-language theatre — and a scathing, salty style. But the advice was good, classic advice to amateurs: don't indulge in pointless 'business', don't adopt irrelevant mannerisms, don't make unnecessary moves. Learn about timing, clarity of diction. If half the advice is heeded, Gujarati theatre in Britain will be transformed.

At the same time, the event does beg larger questions than those of technique alone. What is the function of the Gujarati-language theatre movement? As the younger generation, whose Gujarati is far from fluent, grows up, will the groups decline? It is the inability to adapt that was called into question at the discussion that formed part of the competition. Why do younger people think it's boring? asked one member of the audience: because, he answered himself, none of the plays deal with things that they know. With one exception, all the Bhavan's nine plays were set in India, none in Wembley or Leicester or Brent. In fact, the Gujarati community would seem to be the only major language group not evolving theatre work based in Britain. Why should this be?

It would be wrong, explained Desai, to look for socially conscious drama from the Gujarati community. 'We are,' he said, 'a nation of shop-keepers and traders. Anything rebellious and against the establishment is looked down upon. No,' he corrected himself. 'Not looked down upon — it's just not done.'

> I'm not against Gujaratis — I'm a Gujarati, and I can't be against myself — but this must be said. We believe in ostentation and showing off our wealth. For all of Gujaratis, the goal is to do business. The Gujaratis don't think of the problems of people like mill-workers or cart-pullers. This is why most of our plays are middle-class bourgeois plays.

Certainly Desai was borne out by the evidence of the plays in this year's drama contest, which is not to say that things cannot change, or indeed that they are so clear-cut. (In fact one need look only at union action by Gujarati women workers in Leicester to knock some holes in that stereotype.) If Gujarati theatre is to develop, however, he sees a number of things as necessary. Firstly, would-be actors should see far more theatre of every sort and not be parochial. Secondly, there would have to be full-time education in Gujarati. 'If you have no control over the language, you can't emote.'

There is clearly a dilemma developing. On the one hand is the tradition of a language of which many community members are understandably proud (and which bodies like the active Gujarati Literacy Society works hard to preserve). On the other is a generation to whom the plays seem distant in spirit and subject matter, voiced in a language that is not everyday. It is not perhaps a new dilemma. The Yiddish language theatre eventually died. Could Gujarati theatre, which prospered in East Africa, succumb here? □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Young love

'NOW THAT I am going to write it down I realise that only the past is fully alive.' From the moment Paul Scofield's melancholy, self-critical voice raises the curtain on **Summer Lightning** (C4) — Derek Mahon's superb adaptation of a novella by Turgenev — to the utterance of his final coda, 'Love is like revolution. Youth takes to the barricades. Nothing is *ever* the same', I was totally caught up in this convincing translation from old Russia to old Ireland.

As he writes our story, Sir Robert Clarke (Scofield) feels his younger self looking over his shoulder, as if to make sure he has not become his own more ruthless and worldly father. Then we set out for the past with him and his parents in a smart red carriage, feeling that this is the last little piece of history we are entering, before the modern period with its world wars and psychopathic upheavals finally got hold of it. Freud has yet to speak. The Irish famine is a distant alarm in the form of a few ragged urchins glimpsed through stagey trees as the carriage sweeps away to the Clarke's summer residence at Whitewater: 'It was here that I fell in love for the first time.' Who could resist such words?

It is not long before we learn that 'a low sort of a Dublin person' (in Mahon's happy phrase) calling herself Madame St Leger is ensconced at The Lodge with her daughter and already our minds are moving ahead of the young master, who, 'full of anxiety and excited apprehension, my mind panting round the few same images like a sparrow' chances upon her blindfolded, sporting with various unsuitable beaux in the garden. By an unlikely turn of the story — a sort of joke at the expense of fiction — she catches the interloper and he is made to take his turn at the game of blind love. As she puts the scarf over his eyes we know he is a gonner. 'What is your final request?' asks a scurrilous doctor. He falls to the ground, from whence he may or may not one day rise as a man.

Now in love with the 19-year-old Louise, Robert cannot grasp the precarious position she is in on the fringes of poverty and gentility with her youth and beauty as her and her mother's only asset in the world. Being older and wiser than him (and familiar with the ways of close-ups), we realise long before he does that his father is having an affair with the girl and that she and her mother are only there at his behest. There follows a rowdy evening at The Lodge when one of Louise's rakes tries to warn the boy. Here everything is ironical and prophetic. Someone recites a poem called 'Siberia' which seems to introduce to the party the coming potato famine and their own dim futures: 'Lost Siberia doth reveal only blight and death . . . In Siberia the heart pines . . .' A philistine British officer denigrates the poem and an arm-wrestling match — England versus Ireland —

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

results in him wetting his trousers. We see him asleep, sucking his thumb like a baby, as if ignoring Ireland's approaching trials. The scene could hardly be improved in its writing and from it our understanding proceeds to take in the sad events that follow.

This is a pre-Freudian story, remember, but the director has said that he decided — perhaps he had no choice — to treat it in a post-Freudian manner. Learning that someone is making his beloved unhappy, young Robert lies in wait for him with a knife. At dawn a flash of summer lightning reveals his father's face. He draws back and we feel that the knife is twisting in his own heart. At last he is in on his own tragedy. The summer is over and time starts to pass more hurriedly.

The truth emerges in a faintly corny dream montage of traditional phrases; 'that whore', 'you fornicator' 'our marriage' etc, which the boy overhears for the rest of his life, as it were. In this scene Dearbhla Molloy's last-ditch misery and courage are finely judged: 'I too might have liked to be fornicated once or twice down the years. Not since the birth of Robert have you had the slightest desire to — what is it they say — fuck me.' The only problem being that a woman who could sink to such spirited language might not have lost her husband in the first place. 'I went to University in the second year of the potato famine,' says old Robert, and we understand that it was the second year of his emotional famine also. He bumps into the poet from Whitewater days, who tells him that Louise is in Dublin now. Before he can rescue her, she dies in childbirth, a pauper. Robert bestows a first and last kiss on her dead lips that will be all he ever knows of human contact or love. The story is irredeemably sad, and yet the device of including the writer of the story in the story's plot does indicate a possible redemption: that of art, as opposed to religion, which the tale would seem to deny.

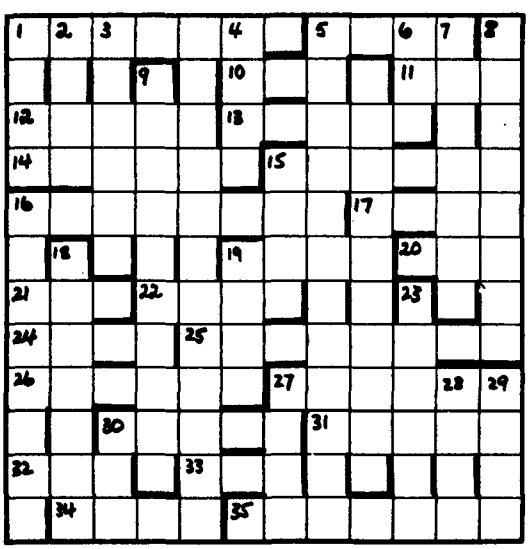
The film was strongly reminiscent of another, which turned up recently on *The Coppola Connection* (BBC2), **This Property is Condemned,** adapted by Coppola and others from a short play by Tennessee Williams. In it, the characters of Louise and her mother are mirrored by Alva (Natalie Wood) and her landlady mother, who uses Alva as a bait for the young railway workers of this little Mississippi rail town. She longs for escape and sees Alva as her only possible ticket, begging and pleading with her to 'be nice' to a middle-aged married man who might see them all right.

Railway troubleshooter Robert Redford arrives to lay off half the town's working population (not famine, but the Depression is on its way) and slowly falls in love with the unreal, fantasising Alva, a prototype for Blanche Dubois. The Hollywood Misunderstanding rears its ungainly head momentarily and Redford rushes off to New Orleans without her. In defiant despair she marries her mother's boyfriend and the plot is hatched. Though the lovers will achieve a brief idyll, death will find Alva as it found Robert's father in *Summer Lightning*: the necessary fictional blood-offering to appease love's betrayal. Unlike *Summer Lightning,* though, which is set neither in Ireland nor Russia really, but in literature-land where all the symbols live in irony together, *This Property is Condemned* is wonderfully placed in its Southern backwater beside the railroad tracks and Natalie Wood made me weep for lost love and lost talent both. □

Salamanca 95

'A Case Of...'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 95, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 2 July.



All normally clued answers including an abbreviation are in Chambers, except for a proper name, a simple foreign word and 22 which is in OED. In the almost completed grid a motif can be discerned which provides the vital clue essential to the correct completion of the puzzle.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

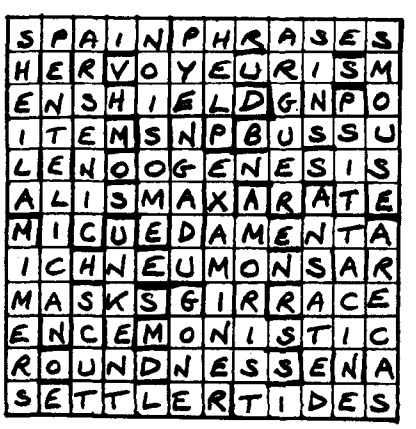
ACROSS

1 A private desk where lines are written in corrupt work? (7)
5 Current one gets shot: who's the villain of the piece? (4)
10 Holmes's top measure for a female (3)
11 Where are the remains? Lying in our nursery! (3)
12 Normal health provides us with a 'hearty' clue for solving (5)
13 Sight this and something's very wrong! (5)
14 Members of the house observing strange old rites (6)
15 Folding box containing coins one's taken for concealing it (6)
16 With a loud voice he said 'it's the taxman!' (8)
17 Following Holmes's lead you must sharpen your senses thus (4)
19 Watson shows loathing at e.g. cocaine (4)
20 Damp with 11 Holmes was to in The Empty House (3)
21 What's at edge of England, to the French (3)
22 One's illness caused in part by old vinegar (4)
24 Something fishy about this plant which seems to have adjusted to change (4)
25 Two items possibly found around the foot of a spar (8)
26 Head of cousin buried in packed earth with that of sister: the Sign of Two? (6)
27 Author having role with law (criminal) getting one acquitted (6)
30 Good Spanish female, urbane perhaps, no Queen (5)
31 Red stuff seen when one is injured (5)
32 Rubber in pencil-and-ruler set (3)
33 This person leads to bursting of tempers (3)
34 Same old magazine comes round after we left (4)
35 Who'll spot bone around back of throat? This may have been the cause (7)

DOWN

1 Thus brawl becomes bawl? (4)
2 Surprise once expressed with force thus? (4)
3 Crown, see, to rule with propriety (6)
4 Showing some resistance to change Holmes is leaving Isle? (4)
5 This teacher may administer stern cuts with sir misbehaving (12)
6 Murder weapon putting end to one (3)
7 He might be dire one reformed? (7)
8 Cordial served up in tea-set (8)
9 Showy plant flourishing in pad etc. and rising (2 words, 10)
15 Murmuring flow on page acceptable to Red Headed League? (4)
16 No longer sheer thrusts, holding sword from below (8)
18 Army taking London, say: capital invested without a word (7)
19 Thieves seen climbing out east (4)
23 Gets stoned: when off, ———— ? (6)
27 What Watson's filled with perhaps at breakfast-time? (4)
28 A good yarn: stuff to give book strength (4)
29 For travelling, Londoner's used this (not on same now) (4)
30 Sound which can be measured: no time for speckled band, perhaps? (3)

Solution to Salamanca 94



Prizewinners to Salamanca 94

P.W. Howorth (Cwmbran, Gwent)
J.D. Moore (Levenshulme, Manchester)
Rosalind Stransfield (Edinburgh)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend competition

No 2876 Set by E. O. Parrott

Why should it only be the Top People whose social lives and doings are reported? You are asked for extracts from the *Tatler*, Jennifer's Diary, William Hickey, which report upon the lives and doings of middle- or lower-class Nonentities. Max 150 words by 19 June.

No 2873 Set by Tim Hopkins

Well known weighty and profound poems given a light-hearted treatment.

Report By Ernest Oswald fflap

By and large, you rose to the occasion like salmon leaping for flies. I'm not convinced that Hamlet's famous existentialist soliloquy can properly be called a *poem*, but A. R. Frith's inventiveness with it has persuaded me to refrain from judgment. 'Paradise Lost' — unequivocally a poem — was attempted by something like one in three of you: O. Smith wins by a neck. Twelve pounds to her and/or him — and the same to the rest of those printed.

As I lolled in my bed-sitter, drowsy from the fumes of bitter,
Suddenly I heard a pitter-patter near me on the floor.
Then I spied an unendearing raven from the shadows peering,
And I scarce believed my hearing when it roundly cursed and swore.
'Cease your effing and your blinding,' I was prompted to implore.
'Bollocks!' croaked the corvine boor.
I told the creature: 'By tradition, a raven's grim nocturnal mission
Is to drive poets to perdition with hoarse cries of "Nevermore".
So spare me, pray, this dreadful swearing.' Quoth the raven: 'I'm past caring
What you think; I'm simply airing my displeasure, nothing more,
Because I made a stupid error landing on your poxy floor.
You see, I live next fucking door.'

PETER VEALE

There's a rule that applies when you soliloquise, *viz.*
the question you pick on has got to be
On a subject that few shall deny to be crucial, like *To be, or* (otherwise) *not to be,*
Or altern'tively, whether, if taken together, the arrows of fortune, and slings, are
To be countered with vi'lence, or suffered in silence, because 'that is just the way things are';
Or *To die, or to sleep?* — it's debated in fleapits, as well as in churches and palaces,
Yet we've still no conclusion to end the confusion resulting from all this analysis.
Maybe suicide seems the way out of bad dreams, but it's really not frightfully clever,
If you find that the cost you must pay is a posthumous nightmare that goes on for ever;
It's a theory — unbacked by a solit'ry fact — that we'll rest when we hear the Last Trump, as is
That the ills flesh is heir to can never compare to the horror the graveyard encompasses.

I myself, like the rest of the world, am depressed, and just long to escape bureaucratic red tape, and the pow'rs of the State (more oppressive, of late), and the pangs of scorned love, and the Law (see above), and my friends (I expect it's parental neglect that has made them just so), and my fam'ly (ditto); but although a bare bodkin — and hoping that God can the sin of self-slaughter allow — would
Be as much as I need for the dubious deed, yet I honestly can't say I fancy my chance, and thus conscience has made me a coward!

A. R. FRITH

Angels rebel and get driven to Hell,
But Satan, resenting damnation,
Disguised as a snake, determines to make
A mess of God's latest creation.
And it doesn't take long to put man in the wrong,
Since his partner is female and flighty;
After eating some fruit they are given the boot
For by this they offend the Almight.
And their way back is barred by a flame wielding guard
As an Archangel tells what the Fall meant,
And how things would get right through a great cosmic fight
I'll describe in the second instalment.

O. SMITH

Last Orders at the *Star*
And one clear call from me:
'Two double Gin and Tonics, Ma,
And chalk them up to me!'

Last date with Isabel. . .
Quick fumble in the park. . .
No time for sadness or farewell,
It's bloody cold and dark!

And so, from out her life in Time and Space,
The last bus bears me far,
It's home to meet my Violet face to face
When I reach Potter's Bar.

ALAN CLARK

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

EL SALVADOR COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS seeks a **Co-ordinator** to organise information, campaigning and education work on refugees and displaced people, political prisoners, aid-projects and the whole range of human rights concerns on El Salvador. Some evening and weekend work necessary. Fluent Spanish a strong advantage. Salary £7,300 (under review). Details (SAE, please) from 20 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN. Closing date: 26 June.

RESOURCE WORKER — Multinational Companies (six months part-time)

Transnationals Information Centre London is a GLC funded group which provides information on Transnational Companies to trade unionists, workers in TNCs and other groups. We look at the global operations of TNCs and help to make international links.

We need someone to organise and develop our resources standing-in (3½ days per week) for someone on maternity leave. Experience of organising information and a knowledge of TNCs is essential. Trade union experience and some familiarity with computers would also be an advantage.

TICL is an equal opportunity employer.
Salary **£9,700** (pro rata).

Applications by **21 June, TICL, Octavia House, 54 Ayres Street, London SE1 1EU.**

FIRST CLASS office staff can earn first class rates and holiday pay temping for Office Overload. Phone Lesley on 01-229 4915 Office Overload Agency.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

VOLUNTEER WORKERS
London-based charity urgently requires

Secretarial help ● a Volunteer Organiser ● information researchers ● field workers

Other creative opportunities. Expenses.
Contact:
01-575 2437 after 7 p.m.

SANAD
Community Service in Palestine

Micro-computer operator/Instructor
Educational Toys Designer/Instructor
Medical Laboratory Technician
also **EFL teachers.**

All posts with Palestinian communities under Israeli rule & occupation.

One-year contract starting approx end Aug. Volunteer terms. Flights included.

Send short cv & sae to Sanad, PO Box 91, Exeter EX4 4JQ.

WEST MIDLANDS CND CO-ORGANISER

West Midlands CND have a vacancy for a Co-Organiser as from **1 September 1985.** The successful candidate will be flexible, with campaigning experience, current driving licence (and ideally own car). Salary **£7,050 p.a.**

Job outline and application form from: **WMCND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH.**

Applications close **30 June.**

Scottish Labour Euro MP

requires

RESEARCH ASSISTANT/ LIAISON OFFICER

Applicants should have research/ journalistic experience and be able to work on own initiative. A commitment to socialism is essential. A knowledge of languages is preferred.

Salary negotiable.

Applications in writing, with full details, to:

Mr Hugh R. McMahon MEP, Unit 102, Abbeymill Business Centre, Paisley, Renfrewshire, PA1 1JN.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

MUSIC THERAPY, LGSM. 01-373 7968 (Answerphone). Individual sessions. No previous musical skill required.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

SMALL HOUSE, London/Middlesex, with garden, to let from 5-19 August. Moderate rent in exchange for care of cats. Northwood 21187.

WC1. Modernised 1830s terrace, 5 bedrooms, central heating, 1 mile British Museum. 3 years from August. £900 p.c.m. Box (21)0899.

WANTED

FRIENDLY, INTELLIGENT female, acupuncture student, seeks shared accommodation in Brighton. Box (23)0975.

NIGERIAN PROFESSOR (Psychiatry) seeks London holiday accommodation August 1985. Contact: Adeyinka, 3/28 Parkhill Road, Shortlands, Bromley — Urgently!

SERVICES

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

TYPING on word-processor, all documents. For details 01-951 0627 evenings.

COUNSELLING

WARM, CARING, sympathetic, male counsellor. Tel. 01-341 4278.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER SCHOOL

PREPARING FOR POWER

Revolutionary Communist Party Summer School

19-26 July, Central London

64 workshops — subjects include **Thatcherism, Scargillism, star wars** and **test-tube babies**
13 specialist courses in **Marxist theory** — from **Ireland** through the **Russian Revolution** to **Religion and the Politics of liberation**.

Music, films, dance
Creche and accommodation
Cheap transport from every major city
Price **£15** for the week (**£12** unwaged). Special reductions available.

Course guide and further information from: **Carol Taggart, BM RCP, London WC1N 3XX. Tel. 01-729 0414.**
Cheques/POs payable to RCP Association

RATES & INFORMATION

Standard Rates: £9.80 per cm, £8.60 (charities) min. 3cms.

Linage: 40p per word

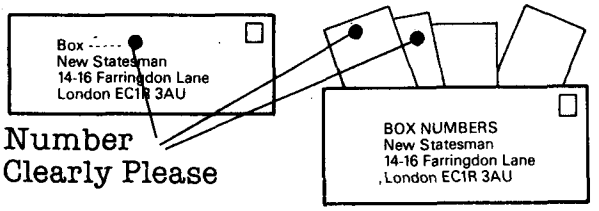
BOX NUMBERS £2.30

HEARTSEARCH / PURSUITS (see coupon) 25 words + Box £5.75, extra words 35p.

All the quoted rates include VAT. Linage ads **must** be **pre-paid.**

Reply to Box Nos as follows

One reply — Several replies (only stamp container envelope)



Number Clearly Please

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name: _____

Address: _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____

Or charge my Access/Visa/American Express

Card number: _____

AD for PURSUITS ☐ /HEARTSEARCH ☐ **(Please tick)**

Post Coupon to: **Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

LISTINGS

FRI 7 JUNE

TRAFALGAR SQ. LONDON Free Nelson Mandela 24-hr. picket outside S. African Embassy 5.30pm. Street theatre, singing, speeches. **Org. City of London AA Grp., BM City AA, WC1 3XX. 01-837 6050.**

SAT 8 JUNE

HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON Support the Miners, Release the Prisoners'. March 2.30pm. **Org. National Organisation of Miners in Prison & Supporters. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross, N1 9DX. 01-515 8033.**

LONDON 20th Anniversary of Society for Anglo Chinese Understanding: A Celebration 8.15pm-9.45pm Holborn Central Library, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Admn. £1. John Gittings on '20 years of Looking at China'. Concert of Chinese music. **Org. SACU, 152 Camden High St, NW1 0NE. 01-485 8236.**

HORWICH Peace Festival at Horwich (Bolton) Leisure Centre. Peace Fair 2-5pm Stalls, Celebrities, Folk singers, Videos, Exhibitions. Adm. Free. Peace Concert 8pm with Stanley Accrington, The While Band & Ushers Well. Adm. £2/£1 UB40. Disabled access. **Details: Bolton 691728/656536.**

SURBITON First Surbiton Labour Party Week. Full details of events: 01-399 5537.

SUN 9 JUNE

LONDON 'Israel's role in Central America' Spkr. Roberto Sussman. 7pm. For venue details 'phone: Dave 01-587 1506. **Org. Jewish Socialists Grp.**

BRENTFORD Benefit Concert for the Miners 7.30pm Waterman's Arts Centre. Food, bar, books, badges. Guest Spkr. Sacked Kent Miner. Disabled access/toilets. Tickets: £5/£3.50 UB40 from Box Office 01-568 1176/Hounslow TUSU 01-572 3764. **Org. Richmond, Twickenham, Hounslow Miners Support Grps.**

MON 10 JUNE

LONDON 'Bhopal — Accident by Design?' Spkr. Prabir Purkayastha of Delhi Science Forum. Public Meeting 7.30pm Conway Hall (upstairs Library) 25 Red Lion Sq., WC1. **Details: Les 01-609 5646/0507 or 482 0266.**

LAMBETH 'Fight for Democracy' — Support the GLC & Metropolitan Councils against Abolition. 8pm Assembly Rooms, Lambeth Town Hall, SW2. Spkrs. incl. Ken Livingstone, Vanessa Wiseman, Bernard Clarke, Keva Coombes, Ted Knight. Adm. 50p/30p UB40. **Org. Streatham Labour Party.**

BURY (Lancs.) Tam Dalyell will speak on The Falklands, Belgrano, Ponting, etc. 7.30pm Derby Hall, Market St, Bury, Lancs. Adm. Free. **Org. Bury North Constituency Labour Party.**

THURS 13 JUNE

WHITECHAPEL Grand March in support of Dr. Wendy Savage leaves Mile End Hospital 2.30pm to deliver petition to DHA meeting at London Hospital, Whitechapel. Petition forms from CHC, 23 New Road, E1.

LONDON 'Guyana in Chains' Commemoration Meeting to remember the assassination of Walter Rodney on 5th Anniversary of his death and to initiate a Guyanese solidarity campaign. 6.30pm Caribbean Resource Centre, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. Spkrs. Mike Rahman, Guyanese political exile, Dr. David Dabydeen, poet, writer, Basil Bollers, Chair Black Action Grp, Errol Harry, Lecturer in Race Relations.

ISLINGTON CND General Meeting 7.45pm Islington Bus Company, Palmers Place, Liverpool Rd, N7. All welcome.

FRI 14 JUNE

WESTON-SUPER-MARE 'Should we be training Caterers to produce healthy food?' 11am-4pm Technical College, Knightstone Rd, WSM. Fee incl. lunch £5 CTA membs. £6.50 others. **Details: Catering Teachers' Assoc. 38 Allt-Yr-Yn Close, Newport, Gwent. 0633 56374.**

LONDON Concert for UNA with Yan Pascal, Tortelier conducting Philharmonia Orchestra. 7.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Tickets: £8-£2.50. **01-928 3191.**

TWICKENHAM Extravaganza for the miners. Live entertainment, spkrs, food, drink. 8pm The Turks Head, Winchester Hall, Winchester Rd, St. Margarets. Tickets: £3/£1.50 UB40. **Org. Richmond & Twickenham Women's Grp.**

FOREST HILL 'The World About Us — implications of GLC abolition on London's environment and ecology'. 8pm Horniman Museum, SE23. **Org. Lewisham & Southwark campaigns against abolition of GLC.**

SAT 15 JUNE

LEAMINGTON 2-dy. Festival of International Understanding & Peace incl. theatre grps, jazz bands, crafts. Workshops on alternative paths to health, peace & International understanding. Adm. free to Pump Room Gardens. **Details: 0926 27773.**

GLOUCESTER National Conference on the medical effects of low level radiation at Cathedral Conference Rooms. Fee £5.

FORTHCOMING

16 JUNE LONDON National Demo. against Apartheid. Assemble 12-1pm County Hall, York Rd, SE1. Rally 3pm Trafalgar Sq. **Org. AAM, 13 Mandela St, NW1. 01-387 7666.**

17 JUNE LONDON Newham 7 Defence Campaign picket of Old Bailey Crown Court and every Monday while trial lasts. Please help pack public gallery every day, Court No. 2. **Org. Newham 7 Defence Campaign, PO Box 273 Forest Gate, E7. 01-555 8151.**

19-20 JUNE NOTTINGHAM Shelter Annual Housing Conf. Uni. of Nottingham. **Details: Tim Mars, SHELTER, 157 Waterloo Rd, London SE1. 01-633 9377.**

22 JUNE LONDON 1985 Pam Smith Memorial Lecture 'Living in 2 Worlds — psychodynamic theory and social work practice' by Margot Waddell. 2-5pm Rm. 208, Ladbroke Hs., Poly. of N. London, 62-66 Highbury Grove N5. Adm. £1.50/50p UB40. Tea/Creche. **Details: Sue Einhorn 01-607 2789 x 5013/Mo Henderson x 5006.**

24-30 JUNE BRADFORD 2nd Lesbian & Gay Festival. **Details: Bradford Gay Switchboard 0274 42895.**

26 JUNE LONDON Public Enterprise Grp. AGM 7.30pm Friends Meeting House, 8 Hop Gardens, St. Martin's La., WC2. All welcome.

26 JUNE-7 JULY LONDON 'Blackout to Whitewash' — history of civil defence since 1937 at Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1. **Org. GLC.**

27 JUNE LONDON ZOO, Regents Pk. Wonderland Beano in aid of new exhibits project. **Tickets from Simon R. Ayre, Beano Co-ordinator, 34 Emperors Gate, London, SW7. 01-373 0300.**

29 JUNE OXFORD Festival for Peace. Tickets £4 in advance (£5.50/£3 UB40 on day). Children free. **Details: Steve Loach, Oxford Peace Festival 1985, 12 Southfield Rd. 0865 244961.**

30 JUNE NOTTINGHAM 'Welfare not Warfare' Picnic at RAF Newton — 500-bed hospital for USAF. **Details: Peace Action Network, CND Unit B, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham. 0602 581948.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEETINGS

MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP Lecture. Prof. Ronald Dworkin on 'Minorities and Law' 6 p.m. on Wednesday 12 June 1985, 10 St James's Square, London SW1. Adm. free. MRG, 29 Craven Street, London WC2.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 9 June 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'The Path to the Masters'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London

Tuesday 11 June 5 p.m.

Prof. Dr Reinhard Rürup (Berlin)

Revolution, Democracy and Mass Movements in Germany 1918/19

17 Bloomsbury Square London WC1A 2LP 01-404 5486 Tea from 4.30 p.m. Seminar starts 5 p.m.

billboard

Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
01-628 8795/638 3891 24hr info 01-628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
Book now for July-Sep performances of HAMLET, HENRY V & RICHARD III with world premiere *RED NOSES* by Peter Barnes and LOVE'S LABOURS LOST from Stratford upon-Avon
THE PIT
WAR PLAYS by Edward Bond — Parts 1 & 2, June 7, 8, 14, 15, 19 & 20
TODAY by Robert Holman "touching, uniquely haunting play" Punch 12, 13, 21, 22 June

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 Tonight and tomorrow 7pm **TRINITY COLLEGE OPERA** in **THE POISONED KISS** by Vaughn Williams. 10-29 June 8pm (11th at 7pm) Mon-Sat **THE JOEYS** in **THE SEVENTH JOKE**

HALF MOON 213 Mile End Rd., 01-790 4000. Mons-Sats 8 p.m.
SWEENY TODD
by Stephen Sondheim. *'Stupendous performances. . . sizzling'* City Limits. *'Deserves to be a Smash'* Time Out.
Ends Saturday. 12-15 June Red Ladder Theatre Company presents 'Safe with Us'.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
Olivier (open stage) 'Coriolanus', 'Pravda — a Fleet Street Comedy'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Martine', 'She Stoops to Conquer'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

Concert

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL. Fri. 14 June 7.30. Philharmonia Orchestra. Yan Pascal Tortelier, conductor. John Lill, piano. Verdi: Overture La Forza del Destino. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor). Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3 (Organ). Nicholas Danby, organ. Tickets £8-£2.50 from Hall (01-928 3191) & agents. In aid of the United Nations Association.

Music

LATIN AMERICAN Records and cassettes. Music from Chile, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Uruguay etc. Send large SAE for free catalogue to LMS, 8 Bradbury Street, London N.16. Tel 01-249 3334.

HEARTSEARCH

AN UNUGLY, and trustworthy American, often alone in London, quests for handsome, intelligent female friends — special people — lovers of art, architecture, literature, theatre, travel, Mozart, or better, lovers of loves unbounded. To rail together, positively, against reactionaries, oppressions in humanities, pollutions in no particular order. Six feet four, blue eyes, light brown hair, beard. Foot-free, safe, responsible, secure. A cautious 50, looks 25. Box (23)0949.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE LADY in fifties, divorced, Oxford graduate, interested in arts, countryside, active, warm, cheerful, humorous, reliable, Oxford-based seeks male counterpart. Box (23)0950.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, socialist female, 30s, London based, would like to meet caring, clever, solvent man for equal & genuine relationship. Humour & hedonism an advantage. Box (23)0947.

BARGAIN, SLIGHTLY-USED! Honest, intelligent, sensitive, anti-oppression man (33), for sharing with similar woman: fun, philosophies, hearts, bodies, music, etc. Rush! Box (23)0977.

BREAKAWAY CLUB provides a unique social life for professional, unattached Londoners, 23-45, who are well dressed/mannered. Call 01-991 2169 for details of free trial membership.

CREATIVE, SINCERE, purposeful man, 24, enjoying most aspects life, wishes to meet attractive, solvent, independent lady, with sense of humour, 20-35. Object: lasting friendship/relationship. Photo appreciated. Box (23)0954.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

LONDON BASED. Attractive, University educated, professional woman, mid 40s, interested music, arts, travel, seeks University educated male, for developing relationship. Box (21)0877.

LONDON BASED female, 34, attractive, lively, seeks interesting, attractive man, 35 up. View serious relationship. Box (23)0945.

LONDON LADY, 31, affectionate, own career, separated, would like to share the good things in life, with genuine guy, 30s, interested in committed long-term relationship, possibly children. I'm CND, socialist, extremely attractive and your intellectual equal. Box (23)0960.

MALE, 27, non materialistic, graduate, seeks female friend interested in literature, pop and soul music, must have sense of humour. Reading/London area. Box (23)0946.

MALE GRADUATE, stranded in East Midlands/East Anglia, seeks female, unattached, 35-45ish, perferably slim and intelligent, to take him out of himself. Will answer all letters and return photos. Box (23)0948.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 57, unattached, interests theatre, dancing, books, music, wishes to meet attractive, refined lady, 48-55 approx, for friendship, fun, outings and holidays. Box (22)0915.

PROFESSIONAL, SOCIALIST, 34, starting again, affectionate, kind, generous, seeks similar or younger female, to share interest in travel, classical music and the future. Birmingham/anywhere. Box (23)0956.

SERIOUS, SINCERE, highly principled, unattached, young black research student, Dublin. Hates uncommitted part-time relationship. Seeks equally caring, pleasant, serious, reserved lady of any nationality in UK, Ireland for first-class, genuine relationship. Distance no problem. Photo appreciated. Box (23)0944.

SUSSEX COAST. Woman, 30s, attractive, lively, stable and independent, seeks similar man, 30/40 for companionable relationship. Advertisement results from apparent male shortage! Returnable photo appreciated. Box (23)0976.

UNDER EMPLOYED lecturer, divorced, early 50s, fed up, seeks warm, affectionate female, for re-energising purposes and resurrecting the will to live. Age unimportant, lively personality vital. Box (23)0962.

UNHAPPILY MARRIED professional lady, early forties, slim, fair, petite, wishes to meet a mature, professional gentleman (doctor, lawyer) in a similar position or separated. Interests are classical music, theatre and travel. Box (23)0974.

VERY ATTRACTIVE divorcee, young 41, slim, feminine, educated, financially secure, own house (would relocate), seeks professional/business gentleman, with/without children, lasting relationship. Surrey/anywhere. Box (23)0955.

VIVE LA DIFFERANCE! But vive la balance too! Gentleman, at Kaleidoscope we currently have more lady members than we know what to do with. Membership is restricted to professional, lively, well dressed Londoners, 39 plus, wishing to meet other discerning interesting people. A fantastic new social life thats for you on 01-997 8684.

YOUTHFUL, ACTIVE, alive woman, 49, warm, caring, divorced, professional, interested walking, arts, left politics. Like to meet man similar age and interests. Yorkshire. Box (23)0961.

COURSES

THE CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY, Upper Harley Street, London NW1. Training and treatment available. For details: tel. 01-935 3070.

TUITION

SPEAK FRENCH like the French do, not like text books say. Info: Chantal, 01-749 1202.

GROUPS

APPLEGAY, EUROPE'S largest association of intelligent gay men seeking friends/partners. For details write: Applegay, 51b Bavaria Road, London N19 4EU.

BOOKS

AUTHORS INVITED submit Manuscripts. All types (including Poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. SW London's largest secondhand bookshop. Politics, sociology, psychology, theology, history, art, travel, literature, fiction, natural history. . . Personal callers only, Mon.-Sat. 10.00-5.30.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

PERSONAL

HAPPY NIGHTS snoring remedy. Certain relief, cure likely. Agbarne. Box (23)0952.

HELP YOURSELF to a whole new life style with Breakaway, 01-991 2169.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over fifties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

CHARMING STONE cottage, idyllic position in Welsh hills. Sleeps 4, £30-£40 per week. Tel. Hay-on-Wye 820792.

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CONSERVATION VILLAGE on sunnier, unspoilt Almeria coast Spain — the **REAL** Spain. Luxurious apts from £14 per person per week. Brochure: tel. 0406 22800.

EXMOUTH, DEVON. Clean, comfortable b. & b. near sea. £7-£10 per night. 0395 272074.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

PICK RASPBERRIES in Scotland mid July-mid August. Send large S.A.E. to VW1, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

WEST HIGHLANDS farm cottage, sleeps 4/5, hills/sea 2 mins. Farm produce. Dates June onwards. £100 p.w. Tel. 05204 228.

LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, VENICE, COMO £125
24 Aug.-2 Sept., 31 Aug.-9 Sept., 7-16 Sept., 14-26 Sept, only £160 for 13 days.

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA £145 30 Sept.-12 Oct.

ALBANIA £220
visiting Tirana, Kruja & Berat 30 Sept.-12 Oct.

PRAGUE £160 13-20 July. Many tours of this fine old city, free entry to all museums.

NAPLES, CAPRI, POMPEII £135
21/29 Sept., 21/29 Dec.

ALGERIA & OASES 22 Dec.-4 Jan. **£240**
All the above use 1st class hotels. Prices INCLUDE all breakfasts and evening dinners, (but full board in Albania).

PEKING by train **£780** 2-21 Oct. (7 days PEKING and 3 days MOSCOW).

BLACK SEA by ORIENT EXPRESS £155
(But only £145 in Sept.). 16/26 July, 30 July/9 Aug., 6/16 Aug., 13/23 Aug., 20/30 Aug., 27 Aug./6 Sept., 3/13 Sept., 10/20 & 17/27 Sept.

KIEV by TRAIN 30 July/9 Aug., & 13/23 Aug.
ONLY £180

MOSCOW by SLEEPER TRAIN £190
20/30 Aug., 27 Aug.-6 Sept., 10/20 Sept.

STALINGRAD or ULYANOVSK
17-29 Sept. **£250.**

Above train holidays INCLUDE a sleeping berth and FULL BOARD at hotels and PROGRAMME with free entry to all Museums, palaces, art galleries. Meetings with workers and discussions on living standards, housing, holiday & retirement entitlement.

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Sirron Typesetting, 14a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1R 0DP. Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED